

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 33.—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

[PRICE 4d., STAMPED 5d.]

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET. The following Courses of LECTURES are about to be commenced:—

MINERALOGY.—Forty Lectures on Mineralogy, by WARRINGTON W. SMYTH, M.A., F.R.S., to be delivered on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 3 p.m., commencing 14th February. Fee for the course, £2.

GEOLOGY.—Thirty Lectures on Geology, by PROFESSOR RAMSAY, F.R.S., to be delivered on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, at 8 p.m., commencing 14th February. Fee, 3s.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Fifty Lectures on Natural History, by PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., to be delivered on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 10 a.m., commencing 14th February. Fee, £2.

APPLIED MECHANICS.—Thirty-six Lectures on Applied Mechanics, by PROFESSOR WILLIS, M.A., F.R.S., to be delivered on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, commencing 14th February. Fee, 3s.

TRENCHARD, Registrar.

LECTURES TO WORKING MEN.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, JERMYN STREET. The Third Course of Six Lectures on the "History of Geology," by Professor Ramsay, F.R.S., will be commenced on Monday, February 21st, at Eight o'clock. Tickets may be obtained by Working Men only, on Monday, 14th inst., from 10 to 4 o'clock, upon payment of a registration fee of 6d. Each applicant is requested to bring his name, address, and occupation written on a piece of paper, for which the ticket will be exchanged.

TRENCHARD, Registrar.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—On 15th February, 1859, a Letter, of which the following is a copy, has been forwarded to the Council of the Royal Academy, and I am directed to press upon the earnest attention of the Artists of the United Kingdom an offer so flattering to the Fine Arts of this country. For full particulars apply to Mr. Theophilus Sylvestre.

A. A. HART, Esq., R.A., will deliver Six Lectures on PAINTING, on the Evenings of THURSDAY, the 17th and 24th of FEBRUARY, and the 2nd, 10th, 17th, and 24th of MARCH.

The Lectures begin each Evening at 8 o'clock precisely.

JOHN PASSCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, LONDON.—On 15th February, 1859, a Letter, of which the following is a copy, has been forwarded to the Council of the Royal Academy, and I am directed to press upon the earnest attention of the Artists of the United Kingdom an offer so flattering to the Fine Arts of this country. For full particulars apply to Mr. Theophilus Sylvestre.

JOHN PASSCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

"Sir,—H.E. the Minister of State, and of the Household of the Emperor of the French, has commissioned me to express the great sympathy and esteem he entertains for the Artists of the English nation, and to inform them that a room shall be specially set apart for the reception of their works, should they be willing to assist at the Exhibition of the Fine Arts, which will open in Paris the 15th of April, 1859. I shall be obliged by your subscribing this communication to the Council of the Royal Academy.

I have the honour to be, &c.

THEOPHILUS SYLVESTRE.

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MEMORIAL TO THE REV. CHARLES WELLS. The Members of the YORKSHIRE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, desirous of acknowledging the kind and lengthened services of the late Rev. C. WELLS, in the cause of Archaeology and Literature, and more especially as Curator of Antiquities to this Society, at their Annual Meeting held in the Museum, York, on Tuesday, February 1st, 1859. The Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, F.R.S., in the Chair, appointed a Committee to raise Subscriptions, for providing a permanent memorial for that purpose. The Committee at a Meeting held this day in the Museum, the Lord Mayor of York in the Chair, resolved, that in order to comply with a wish that this tribute of respect should not be confined exclusively to the Members of the Society, the friends in general of the late Rev. C. WELLS, be invited to take part in the testimonial.

York, 9th February, 1859.

W. D. HOBBS, Mayor.

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ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21st, A MOZART NIGHT.

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REVIEWS.

Descriptive Ethnology. By R. G. Latham, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., &c. (Van Voorst.)

THE science of ethnology is so new a department of knowledge, and has received from so few scholars as yet that amount of attention which is entitled to the name of study, that we can hardly do better than remind our readers of its limits, and of what is its legitimate subject-matter. For, the two large octavo volumes now lying before us, embodying as they do a vast amount of compressed reading and observation, will be *caviare*, not only to the "general," but even to tolerably advanced students in ethnology, who have not taken care to arrange with accurate precision their primary notions of the science. Dr. Latham, who has been writing now for more than twenty years, and who has given us in those two decades more than is usually gathered in the same period of time, even by hard-workers like himself, has elected in the present instance to be merely "descriptive;" he honestly announces that if classification accompany the description in certain places, it will be no more than an accidental appendage, and that, although speculations may occasionally arise and be followed out to some distance, they will form at any rate "no notable portion of the work." With this preliminary caution he sets out on his *travels* across Eastern and Northern Asia, beginning from the north-western ranges of the Himalayas, across Europe, across a part of Africa, and then through the length and breadth of the remaining Asiatic populations, the Persian and the Indian. So that it is perfectly idle and untrue to encourage a hope of following thus *quod per vias* so rapid a traveller as Dr. Latham, without first acquiring some sort of sympathy with him in the conceptions with which he started upon his journey; a sympathy which, though it might fail to effect a complete interpretation of what passes before our eyes, would furnish the surest key to a proximate explanation.

He himself, then, in the valuable article from his pen in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," inclines to the "Physical History of Man," as a general definition of the term "Ethnology." The definition "Science of Races," though defended by Dr. Prichard, has an *ab initio* objection to its being adopted universally, arising from the ambiguity in the word "race." Supposing the word "race" to mean "something which is neither a species nor a variety," there may then be an obvious utility in the term "Science of Races;" but it will be an utility that applies more to the opinion of the investigator on a certain point, than to the entire object of his investigation, and that is little more than the analogue of an algebraic symbol. The only fault of the definition "Physical History of Man" is, that it appears to encroach slightly upon the confines of a sister science, that of Anthropology. Both of these sciences have to do with the relations of mankind; but in the one case the question is raised upon the relations of the various human divisions to each other; in the other case, upon the relations of mankind to the different grades

of animal life below him. The materials for the study of ethnology are, therefore, of a far wider extent than those which would suffice for that of anthropology. Dr. Latham has pointed out that this latter science might have been pursued when none but the first pair of human beings existed upon the earth; just as it might now be carried on if there were none but Englishmen in existence, or none but Chinese. Ethnology, on the other hand, has no existence where there is no variety.

Again, from another point of view, we may regard ethnology as presenting the physico-historical view of man, and as opposed to anthropology, which gives us the naturalist view. It is interesting but irrelevant to our present purpose to point out the dovetailing of anthropology with zoology. In a similar way ethnology, in this its historical aspect, dovetails with ordinary history, and on the relation between the two we must say a few words, still following Dr. Latham. In ordinary history we contemplate humanity as influenced by moral causes, the agents being "human actions." In ethnology the causes which are contemplated as influencing humanity, are physical—hence the term physico-historical, which, however, it is proper to say that Dr. Latham avoids, at the same time that he indicates it—and the agents are such as soil, climate, and nutrition. Further, the facts with which ethnology deals are of a far earlier date than those which form the subject-matter of ordinary history. And the method on which ordinary history proceeds is that of arguing from testimony, while the method of ethnology is a purely inductive one, and has now for several years been duly recognised as being so. Thus, the important term Palæontology, for which the scientific world is indebted to Dr. Whewell, embraces alike geology and ethnology; two kindred but distinct branches of archaeological research—the one relating to the globe itself, the other to its human inhabitants. "We geologists," it was once observed in conversation by Professor Sedgwick, "are like a hen and chickens in a yard, looking about here and there, and picking up what we can get." And so it is with the ethnological student also; the method of both is simply and purely an inductive one.

The two other most important auxiliaries to ethnology are physical geography and philology. The relation between the climatological conditions and national character is a matter which, since the days of Dr. Arnold, has made its appearance often enough as a theme-subject at Oxford and at the great public schools. It is natural, but it is wrong, to confound the study of this relation with the inquiry on which physical geography is really employed. The true field of this science is occupied with the influence of climatological and similar conditions, not upon the character of the occupants of a given area, but upon their bodily conformation. The degree in which bodily conformation is so influenced is very variously estimated. The two points on which no difference of opinion at all obtains are these:—first, that climate, soil, &c., do exercise some influence upon the human frame; and secondly, that their influence is by no means indefinite. An interesting foreshadowing of the way in which the study of language is likely to aid ethnological investigation may be found in the different utterances of the wild, and of tame

dogs. The wild dog howls: it is the companion of man alone that barks. Dr. Latham has brought forward this fact as a distant, though a very distant approach to the largely increased data for which ethnology is indebted to philology.

The results of ethnological research are by him regarded in a two-fold light. They are either so many points of classification, or they are so many points of history. They are, to use his own words, "so many points of classification, if we suppose that the differences between the different divisions of one kind have always been what they are at present; and they are so many points of history (physical history), if, supposing the whole species to have once been the same throughout, we deduce the present distinctions from the influences of climate and other causes acting during a long or short space of time."

One word, as a corollary upon what precedes, on the title of Dr. Latham's work. It may occur to some readers that the shorter synonym of "ethnography" would have sufficiently expressed the author's object. "Ethnography" is used by some writers as the precise equivalent of ethnology. But where, as it is more usual, a distinction is made, the latter term is applied to the speculative portion of the subject, and the former to the descriptive. Notwithstanding this, the reader of Dr. Latham will discover that the sort of description which he enters upon is far too wide and too profound to have been adequately expressed by the term ethnography. There is a weakness and a superficiality about the word, which, when we weigh it by the side of "descriptive ethnology," furnishes reason enough for its rejection. And, independently of this, ethnography may be regarded as too near a synonym for political-geography to admit of its use, in the present treatise, without ambiguity.

There are some interesting considerations connected with the starting-point adopted in the treatise, which point is thus characteristically indicated by the author:

"I follow the Horatian rule, and plunge, at once, in *medias res*. I am on the Indus; but not on the Indian portion of it. I am on the Himalayas, but not on their southern side, I am on the north-western ranges; with Tartary on the north, Bokhara on the west, and Hindostan on the south. I am in a neighbourhood where three great religions meet; Mahometanism, Buddhism, Brahminism. I must begin somewhere; and here is my beginning."

There are, in fact, so many answers which may be given from different points of view to the question, where to begin, that one sympathises thoroughly with the author's *laissez faire* tone, forced out, as it is beyond a question in his case, by the pressure of a complex and multitudinous store of data. As a zoologist, he would start from the intertropical homes of the anthropomorphic apes. The protoplasts of his species are, in the first instance of all, intolerant of any climate but the mildest, incapable of sustenance on any but the most luxuriant soil. Hence, from the purely zoological view, he would adopt "Western Africa and the southern extremity of Asia, the banks of the Gaboon and Borneo," as the point from which to set out. But make him a philologist, and his attention will immediately be arrested by the regions of those languages which are monosyllabic and destitute of inflexions. The languages, of which these are the characteristics, are reasonably supposed to give

us the simplest existing forms of human speech. To the lands of those who speak them the philologist would turn his eye, which would rest on China, Thibet, and the Trans-Gangetic Peninsula. It will have been seen that the considerations of zoology and of philology alike lead us to some portion of South-western Asia as our starting-point. And a similar point is indicated, finally, by the conclusions of the general reasoner. Given that the earth were one large circular island; given that its populations had become diffused over the surface from one single point, which point is to be investigated in the total absence of history, tradition, or any other data of the same kind bearing upon the subject, it is obvious upon the general principle of not multiplying causes unnecessarily, that the point selected *a priori* would be the centre. And thus some portion of South or South-western Asia would again be recommended, as in the two previous cases. In attempting to fix the particular area, however, with this vast district, the zoologist, the philologist, and the general reasoner, would all be forced to encounter a sea of preconceived notions, hypothetical and conventional. The resource of Dr. Latham is, probably, not only a wise one; but that which is alone possible under the circumstances. "I must begin somewhere; here is my beginning."

There is one insuperable obstacle that stands in the way of our attempting to give any complete summary of the contents of this valuable work. The obstacle consists in the overwhelming stock of information which the author has crowded into his pages. If ever a man spoke out of the genuine "abundance of his heart," Dr. Latham has done so in "Descriptive Ethnology." It is, first and foremost, a book for the scientific man; the true love of science being the leading characteristic. But it is also an invaluable acquisition to the traveller, containing the amplest stores of facts relating to the manners and customs, natural produce, &c., of the inhabitants and the countries described. And, more than all, it is, or should be, a handbook for the intelligent missionary, to whom it would tell more of the actual heathen conditions of mind, as illustrated from their rituals and religious customs, than many a professedly missionary manual. There is, among other points of this kind of interest, a summary of facts relating to the Vedas, which will be found at about the middle of the second volume. The Vedas are hymns that "formed the part or the whole of an actual or possible ritual," the deities invoked being elemental, personifications of fire, earth, water, the meteorological forces, and the like. To take an instance, Indra (the firmament) conquers the Vrita (vapours), with the Maruts (winds) as allies. Reasons are given for fixing the date of the Vedas in the fourteenth century B.C. by which computation they become the earliest, or nearly the earliest, records in the world.

It is interesting to know that these ancient hymns have at last been edited, not indeed in India, but in Europe, the most learned Brahmins recognising the edition as authentic and complete. The Sanskrit text of the "Rig-Veda" is being edited by Professor Max Müller; it has also been translated in part by Professor Wilson, and entirely by M. Langlois. Professor Weber, of Berlin, Professor Benfey, of Göttingen, Professor Roth, Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. Whitney, have also been engaged in editing or translating parts of these ancient documents.

As a sufficient illustration of the extreme fullness of which we spoke above as a quality of Dr. Latham's work, we will extract a passage relating to the Mongolian habits; and the reader may judge for himself whether more words than barely convey the idea are used or not:

"At the same time the Mongolians are as nomad as any nation in the world. Few are exclusively so.

"Say that the Sunid, who (by the way) are more especially the occupants of a steppe than any tribe of which we have a description of any notable fullness, represent the average Mongolians, and the following is a notice of them. Their country is stony rather than sandy, and undulating or broken rather than flat. It is also stony rather than clayey. It abounds in nitrous and other saline scurfs. The wells are from six to ten feet deep. Yet streams are by no means wanting. If Mongolia were in Africa it would be a desert full of oases. The industry, however, such as it is, is nomadic rather than agricultural. Wheat will grow. Flax grows wild. Millet, however, is the chief object of cultivation. So uncertain and severe are the seasons that, out of flocks of 1000, no more than eighty have in certain seasons been preserved. Metallic wealth may or may not exist. It is only known that the Mongols have as little taste for mining as for agriculture. Gold, too, probably is to be found. Yet there are few or no washings and diggings. One thing especially favours the breeding of cattle. There are few or no tormenting insects. Of wood there is little. The framework of the tents is osier. The chief fuel is camel's dung. This is the case with the steppes. Yet on the Russian frontier wood is abundant, and in Eastern Mongolia wheat is grown and agricultural habits are developed. The trade is done by the Chinese. A few Mongols act as merchants, and sell their goods in China. Numerous Chinese make profitable journeys to different parts of Mongolia. On the eastern edge of the desert there is no want of rain; of rain irregularly distributed. The droughts are frequent; yet the rainfall is considerable. More fish is to be found in the rivers; more game is to be found in the plains, than the inhabitants use as food; the greater part of which is supplied by the flocks. Of domestic animals the horse, camel, ox, sheep, and dog are the chief. The cat is scarce. To have husbanded a few stacks of hay is a great fact in Mongolian economy.

"Under conditions like these a dense population is impossible. For a single herd and single flock a large tract of land is needed. There must be a winter pasture and a summer one. There must be locomotion from place to place; and places to match. The population is thin. It is doubtful whether the Chinese officials themselves have a true census. Each Mongol prince, when he submitted to China, declared the number of men he could bring into the field. Each Dsarsak, or noble, must bring to the field from three to twenty-three companies, squadrons, or regiments, each consisting of 150 horsemen. Taking thirteen of these as the average, and multiplying them by the forty-nine banners of the Southern Mongols, and the eighty-four of the Kalkas, Timkovski gets 260,000 men; without the eight banners of the Tshakar, calculated at 241,000 men. This estimate, however, applies to the end of the seventeenth century, after the struggle between China and the Dzungarians. Since then there has been peace, with no need for a *levée en masse*. Under peace, however, population increases. The present estimate is 500,000 tents, or 2,000,000 souls."

The last half of the second volume has been advertised separately as the "Ethnology of India." It is but reasonable to suppose that this portion of the entire work will command the largest sale at present. But it should be distinctly made known that this valuable treatise is no more than an average specimen of these the latest labours of our great English ethnologist.

Journal of the Reign of King George the Third, from the Year 1771 to 1783. By Horace Walpole. Being a Supplement to his Memoirs, now first published from the original MSS. Edited, with Notes, by Dr. Doran. Two Volumes. (Bentley.)

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THE second volume of Walpole's "Journal" extends over one of the gloomiest periods of English history—the few last years of Lord North's long and disastrous administration. The picture of the country during these years is disheartening enough. It is difficult to realise such a state of things as not only existing but perpetuated through the greater part of a generation, and this, too, so near our own day. Our most valuable and flourishing colonies having taken up arms in a just quarrel were pursuing a career of triumphant revolt. Our European allies gradually fell off, secretly rejoicing in the humiliation of their proud rival, if they did not actually join her foes. The country could gain nothing save loss and disgrace in such a conflict. Her generals were outwitted, her ships sunk, and her troops repulsed at every point where a fresh attack was attempted. Almost every post brought tidings of new disasters; some so serious that ministers endeavoured in every possible way to prevent the real truth from reaching the public. They industriously spread abroad false reports of success, so that many a rumoured victory turned out, when the facts were known, to have been an actual defeat. Yet a weak and obstinate monarch, supported by a servile and infatuated government, still madly persisted in prolonging the fatal struggle. For many years no serious effort was made to arrest this suicidal course. The country was apathetic, Parliament indolent and corrupt. The Opposition lost all spirit and sense of public duty to such a disgraceful extent that the leading members in a fit of mingled petulance and despair absented themselves from the debates. Fox and Burke still continued to declaim eloquently against the incapacity of ministers, the venality of their followers, the unjust character and ruinous results of the war. But they could produce but little impression upon such a servile and corrupt House—so little, indeed, that Fox himself was at one time on the point of abandoning his post and giving up the conflict in despair. Having brought forward a string of resolutions severely condemning the Canada expedition, and finding himself supported by only 44 votes on the first, he tore the rest to pieces and threw the fragments on the floor, declaring he would never make another motion on the subject, and left the House in a rage. At length, however, the nation awoke from its stupor, and all classes became keenly alive to the terrible evils which the indolence of Parliament and the malign obstinacy of the government had produced. The mercantile classes saw that while trade and commerce decayed, the burdens of the country increased, the taxes were oppressive, and the national debt swollen to an alarming extent. The country gentlemen at length discovered there was very little prospect that the flattering promises of the ministry would ever be realised. Instead of being relieved of the land-tax by the forced contributions of the American colonists, they found the war was likely to oppress them with fresh burdens. A failing exchequer and continued defeats in the field at length aroused the nation and

alarmed the obstinate king and his reckless advisers. The ministry attempted to retreat, but it was too late, and they were hurled from the power they had so long abused amidst the rejoicing of the country, and with none except their dupes to lament their fall.

Walpole's sympathies were of course entirely with the Opposition, and he does not scruple to express them in a sufficiently decisive manner. As his father's son he naturally hated Lord North, Lord Mansfield, and the whole of the Tory party. As a Whig of rather an extreme type, he disapproved of the American war, but his disapproval was intensified by his antipathy to the king. He disliked the king on many grounds, public as well as private, personal as well as relative. The subjugation of the American colonies was so notoriously George the Third's pet project, that it was commonly spoken of as the king's war. While indignant at the obstinacy that prolonged such a fatal conflict, Walpole was by no means sorry to see the king and his friends defeated. In common with many others he felt a kind of malicious satisfaction in the reverses and disasters which followed each other in rapid succession. The picture he draws of the state of the country, at the beginning of 1776, is certainly dark enough:

"The Opposition seemed to have lost all spirit as unaccountably as the Administration had acquired some by the accession of Lord George Germaine; and on their side had gained none by the Duke of Grafton's desertion to them. Indeed it brought them nor sense, nor activity, nor harmony, nor six votes. Lord Rockingham and the Duke were no sooner allies again than rivals. Lord Camden, who had seduced the Duke, intended him for First Minister, which, though Lord Rockingham was content to be at the head of his own faction though out of place, he was not ready to cede even in that powerless situation. At an early meeting of the Opposition this session, Lord Rockingham summoned the Bishop of Peterborough as a new dependant, which offended the Duke of Grafton. The Marquis excused himself on the indecency of inviting the Duke before he was out of place. Lord Shelburne, who had his own personal views on the first place, was more tractable, and concerted with either; more readily with the Duke, as a former limb of Lord Chatham's administration, to whom Lord Shelburne still avowed implicit allegiance, though equally unfitted by his depression for power or Opposition. What little life there was existed in the Duke of Richmond and Charles Fox. The latter bustled, tried to animate both the Duke and Marquis, conferred with Lord Shelburne, but abandoned neither his gaming nor rakish life. He was seldom in bed before five in the morning, nor out of it before two at noon. The Duke of Richmond I tried early in the winter to fire with industry. I painted to him all the miscarriages of the campaign, and the inability of the Ministers; and gave him a long list of hostile motions which I wished him to make of complaints and grievances; but his health was bad, and his spirits; he distrusted his own abilities, though his eloquence improved daily; he loved his country pleasures, and he was disheartened by repeated defeats. Nay, though nobody more severe when he did take a part, his candour disliked great hostilities. I said, 'My Lord, when the Ministers stick at nothing, is it right to your country to let them manage everything?' But his delicacy could not brook any violent measures; and while the Court thought and represented him as the soul of faction, he was incapable of transgressing the most minute article of strict honour. In truth all the motions I gave him were provoked and crying; but he frankly confessed he would not attack Ministers on any measures, such as grants and pensions, with which he had not found fault when he had formerly acted with the Court. I own this, and owe to his character to do it justice, though

perhaps to my own dispraise. But I, who had seen every injustice heaped on my father by Jacobitism and faction, and who now saw the ruin of the country pursued by Jacobite principles, did wish to turn every art of party that was allowable on such guilty men. I had less delicacy than the Duke, and thought it meritorious to expose to clamour and public hatred such Machiavels as Lord Mansfield, "qui sobrius ad everendam Rempublicam accessit." Lord North was a pliant tool, without system or principle; Lord George Germaine of desperate ambition and character; Wedderburn a thorough knave; Lord Sandwich a more profligate knave; Lord Gower a villain capable of any crime; Elliott, Jenkinson, Cornwall, mutes that would have fixed the bow-string round the throat of the Constitution. The subordinate crew to name is to stigmatise; they were Dr. Johnson, the pilloried Shebbeare, Sir John Dalrymple, and Macpherson! The pious though unconscientious Lord Dartmouth had been laid aside, after bequeathing to Administration his hypocritical secretaries Wesley and Madan; Lord Barrington remained to lie officially; Lord Weymouth had acceded with all his insensibility to honour, and by acceding had given new edge to Thurlow, who was fit to execute whatever was to be done. Almost every Scot was ready to put his sickle to the harvest, and every Jacobite country gentleman exulted in the prospect of reversing on the Whigs and Dissenters all their disappointments since the Revolution; and they saw a prince of the House of Brunswick ready to atone for all the negative hurt his family had done to their ancestors, and for all the good his ancestors and the benefactor of his family, King William, had done to Great Britain. There was still another body ready to profit by the restoration of Stuart views—the bishops and clergy. How deeply and joyfully they waded into a civil war on the Constitution and on Dissenters, let their votes, addresses, and zeal for the war declare! This is a heavy picture; but if any of the individuals mentioned above, or any of the denominations of men, come out whiter in the eyes of impartial posterity, let this page be registered as a page of the blackest calumny!"

He goes on to say that he could scarcely lament the war, as it had done so much to destroy the power of the enemies of freedom and progress at home:

"For my own part, I can scarce lament the war. Had the King and Lord Mansfield, who dreaded tumults and insurrections at home, and who knew they were in no danger from mobs across the Atlantic, had courage to invade liberty at home, they might have done their business almost at one stroke. By driving all America to resistance, they have made it very doubtful whether they will carry one point. If America gets the better, it will be independent, or will not return to us without effectuating by stipulation, or by the consequences of our ill-success, a total change of administration and a blow to despotism. If Britain prevails, it cannot be but by ruining the towns and trade of America, and by wasting the King's fleet, armies, and treasure, his best means of despotism. If a middle way, an ignominious treaty, ensues, what disgrace to the crown, and what a damp to its farther innovations! No case can happen in which, if the King prevails, he will not be a far less potent monarch than before the war. These kingdoms are more likely to grow shocked at so ignominious a reign (compared with its glorious commencement); and few princes that grow despised augment their power. How too shall we have wasted our treasure and armies, instead of diminishing our debt! France and Spain, says the Court, give solemn assurances of neutrality, and dislike the precedent of rebellious colonies—perhaps both is true. The more they promise, the more they are to be suspected. Will they spare promises which will encourage us to be undone? If a civil war will not dispel our delusion, a French or Spanish war, or both, will tear the bandage from the eyes that wink most obstinately. Then will our absolute Monarch know the difference between the constitutional

glory of such a king as his grandfather, and that of a despotic sovereign, who has revolted and laid waste his colonies, and impoverished and exhausted his subjects at home."

The public apathy, the want of anything like patriotic spirit and feeling, that for awhile led the nation to acquiesce in the American War, was reflected socially in a growing dissoluteness of manners:

"On issuing the new writ, General Smith had again presented himself, and been returned for Hindon; the return had even arrived on the 16th; but not having been certified to the Clerk of the Crown, Lord Mansfield committed the General. This man had from a cheesemonger's son risen to an insolence of wealth by plunder in the Indies. His wife was covered with chains of pearls and diamonds, and he himself, who had been drawn by Foote, in the 'Nabob,' under the character of Matthew Mite, was the deepest of all deep gamblers in London. Being excluded from the fashionable club of young men of quality at Almack's, and wishing to plunder them like the Indies, he and a set of sharpers had formed a plan for a new club, which, by the excess of play, should draw all the young extravagants thither. They built a magnificent house in St. James's Street, furnished it gorgeously, and enrolled both the clubs at White's and that of Almack's. The titular master of the house the first night acquainted the richest and most wasteful of the members that they might be furnished in the house with loans of ready money, even as far as forty thousand pounds. This pernicious seminary, erected, in defiance of so many laws, at the very gate of the King's palace, and menacing ruin to their heirs to the most opulent of the legislature, was tolerated by a Court that delighted in seeing the great Lords and Commons reduced to a state of beggary and dependence, and which, affecting piety, winked at such giant vice, while many members of the legislature partook of the flagrant dissipation, and none stirred a finger to check it. The cries of a civil war were drowned in such a torrent of dissolute manners, and the clergy employed all their labours in promoting the tyrannic views of the Court. Charles II. corrupted the morals of his age, yet virtue and patriotism shot up amidst the tares he sowed. The uncommunicative selfishness and pride of George III. confined him to domestic virtues. His people were welcome to be as abandoned as they pleased; and when their vices made them necessitous, the rewards destined to virtue were showered on the profligate, not to correct their want of principle, but to ensure it."

He gives, further on, rather a curious illustration of the profligacy and degeneracy of the times; one, however, that in these advertising days we should scarcely be disposed to condemn quite so severely:

"13th. A new and most infamous paper was set up, and sold as the 'Morning Post.' Bate, the clergyman, and author of the old one, prosecuted the printer, and got an injunction against him. Yet Bate, not content, took a most extraordinary step. He sent about the town a procession of thirty or forty persons, dressed expensively, like Hussars, in yellow habits, with blue waistcoats and breeches, and high caps, streamers and colours flying, and martial music, the musicians in mask, and labels with 'The Morning Post' on their caps, and they distributed handbills in behalf of the old paper. A masquerade exhibited by a clergyman in behalf of a most scandalous paper, particularly abusive on women of the first rank, in the midst of a civil war! What words can come up to the profligacy, insensibility, and degeneracy of the times?"

Before leaving the volumes we must say a word as to the manner in which they are edited. Dr. Doran has executed his task with diligence and ability in all that relates to the social and literary gossip of the period. He explains what is obscure in the text, and

sometimes supplies the wanting links, in his notes, many of which are very interesting. We certainly wish, however, that he had ventured beyond the narrow circle of gossip and added a few brief explanations as to the state of parties in Walpole's day, and the political problems he discusses. This is fairly called for in several parts of the journal, many of the references being so brief or so enigmatical as to be scarcely intelligible without a word of explanation.

Correspondence of Charles, First Marquis of Cornwallis. Edited, with Notes, by Charles Ross, Esq. Three Volumes. (Murray.)

(SECOND NOTICE.)

THE Cornwallis administration in India forms an epoch in the history of the man who governed, as well as in that of the country subjected to his sway. The foundations of our empire in the east were being swept away by a deluge of corruption, which poured down upon the land under the Macpherson administration. Lord Cornwallis was chosen to repair the blunders of his predecessor, and to extend and consolidate the system inaugurated by Mr. Hastings. The mission entrusted to him was most important; the difficulties which awaited him were of so gigantic a nature as to warrant hesitation and doubt even in the stoutest and the boldest; while the powers it was proposed to place in his hands were limited on the one hand, and ill-defined on the other. He had to haggle and hold out for terms, nor did he accept the dignities thrust upon him, until such concessions were made as enabled him to set about his arduous task with some degree of confidence.

The condition of British India at the time Lord Cornwallis assumed its administration has been fully, amply, ably described by numbers of historians who devoted their talents to tracing the rise of the most stupendous empire the world ever saw. For our purpose, it will suffice in general terms to remind our readers, that our Indian possessions were small; our rule recent and doubtful; our rights ill-defended, and our subjects grossly misgoverned, and that a legion of native princes, wary and watchful, hovered on our frontiers. The forces which could be mustered for the defence of our territories, 12,000 Europeans, 58,000 natives,—70,000 all in all,—were inadequate to the task of resisting anything like a general razzia on the part of the native powers. Not only were the troops inadequate in numbers, but they were bad, and not to be relied on. Lord Cornwallis almost instinctively laid his hand upon the sore place in the character of the native soldier:

"The Sepoys are fine men, and would not in size disgrace the Prussian ranks. I have heard undeniable proofs of their courage, and patience in bearing hunger and fatigue, but I have no favourable idea of their discipline."

The East India Company's European troops were a cause of apprehension to the friends of British rule, whatever they may have been to its enemies. The Company were not in those days permitted to send out recruiting parties and publicly to advertise their want of men and conditions of enlistment. Their recruiting, though perfectly legal, had to be carried on with all the secrecy of an illegal transaction. It was a hole and corner affair, managed by crimps, and the recruits obtained in this manner were men of the worst characters, with

inclinations and habits utterly destructive of discipline. They were most of them "foreigners, sailors, invalids, or men under the proper size for military services." "I did not think Britain could have furnished such a set of wretched objects." "The Company's European troops are such miserable wretches that I am ashamed to acknowledge them for countrymen; out of the six battalions I do not think that I could complete one that would be fit for service." The officers are described as "deserving and well-informed," and Lord Cornwallis admits that they "have been more in the practice of judging and acting for themselves than officers who have served in a less extensive field." But:

"The mainspring has been always wanting; they have had no head to look up to; the promotion of rank has always gone by seniority, and the lucrative commands have been given to those who have interest. Consequently, there has been no spur to merit. The Company's officers have no regiments or governments to look forward to; few constitutions can stand this climate many years. If they cannot save some money, they must go home without rank or pay, condemned to disease and beggary. Under these circumstances the most rigid general must relax a little, and suffer practices that are in some degree repugnant to the nice feelings of a soldier."

It is quite a pleasure to read these candid and considerate words from the pen of a man so high in position, and so affluent in his circumstances, as Lord Cornwallis, who evidently felt for the temptations to which others were exposed, and who consequently was prepared to make allowances for the weakness or the necessities of their position. He at least stood not in need of the rebuke which Sheridan administered to Lord Lansdowne, when that nobleman became eloquent in praise of political consistency. "It is an easy virtue for my Earl This, or the Marquis That, with his sixteen or twenty thousand a year; but, my Lord, it is unattainably sublime for a man who never had a shilling of his own!" Not but that Lord Cornwallis, though content to "relax a little," failed to combat jobs, and punish dishonesty. Witness for instance the following letter to an officer, who appealed to the Governor-General's intervention for the purpose of obtaining from a native prince a sum of money as indemnification for the cost of an auxiliary corps, which it was shown had existed on paper only:

"I am sorry to say that on my arrival at Lucknow, I could not meet with any person, either European or native, that knew anything of your battalion, or had seen any part of it. Although I could not help placing proper confidence in your assurances of its being perfectly complete, both in officers and men, yet as there was not a trace of it existing at the head-quarters, where it was raised and had been so lately disbanded, and you had been so improvident as to keep no vouchers for any of your disbursements, you did not put it in my power to say to the Vizier or his ministers that part of the large sum of money which you received was not issued to discharge your personal pay and allowances. Circumstanced, therefore, as your claim is, I do not think that any interference would be warranted."

Most earnest, too, are Lord Cornwallis's remonstrances against an order from the East India Company, according to which prosecutions were to be instituted against a number of civil servants, who it appears had been guilty of practices, which they had a right to consider as permitted, if not as authorised:

"The splendid and corrupting objects of Luck-

now and Benares are removed; and here I must look back to the conduct of former directors, who knew that these shocking evils existed, but instead of attempting to suppress them were quarreling whether their friends or those of Mr. Hastings should enjoy the plunder. . . . In the list which I have desired you to reconsider there are some as honorable men as ever lived; they have committed no fault but that of submitting to the extortion of their superiors; they had no other means of getting their bread, and they had no reason to expect support if they had complained."

In the same letter, addressed to Mr. Motteux, the Chairman of the Company, Lord Cornwallis gives a *resumé* of his labours of reform, while he, at the same time, points out the only means of preventing a recurrence of the disgraceful practices, which for years had endangered the prosperity and tarnished the reputation of the Company's Government:

"I have been a most rigid economist in all cases where I thought rigid economy was true economy. I have abolished sinecure places, put a stop to jobbing agencies and contracts, prevented large sums from being voted away in Council for trumped-up charges, and have been unwearied in hunting out fraud and abuse in every department. . . . But I shall never think it a wise measure in this country to place men in great and responsible situations, where the prosperity of our affairs must depend on their exertions as well as integrity, without giving them the means, in a certain number of years, of acquiring honestly and openly a moderate fortune."

Without entering into the details of the military operations in the war with Tippee Sultan, we confine ourselves to stating that no fresh light is thrown upon the sieges of Bangalore and Seringapatam by any of the despatches contained in the Cornwallis Correspondence. The few letters referring to the operations of the campaign, justify in every respect the opinion pronounced by the great historian of India. The expedition against Tippee, unlike the later campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, was wanting in premeditation and deficient in detail, while its success was evidently due, not to a scientific combination, but to the dash with which Lord Cornwallis knew how to inspire the troops under his command. We cannot, however, take leave of his Indian career without selecting from a number of letters, addressed to the Governor-General from England, a couple of notes from the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales. These effusions are remarkable less for their contents than for their manner. The following is from the Duke of York:

"I take the very earliest opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Your very obliging letter of the 10th of last November, and to return You many thanks for Your goodness in thinking of Your friends on this side of the Water, notwithstanding the multiplicity of affairs which You must have upon Your Hands. The Situation in which Your Lordship is at present, is certainly of the greatest consequence, and the most delicate which I believe ever has existed, and I rejoice for my Country's sake, that You have accepted of it, though for my own private sake, I confess I am exceedingly sorry for it, as it deprives me of the pleasure of cultivating Your friendship so much as I could wish, and particularly at this moment, as His Majesty has been pleased to consent to my return to my native Country, and it would be of the greatest consequence to me to have so good a friend and adviser as You.

"With regard to the Politics of Germany, Your Lordship will already long ago know that the King of Prussia died the 16th of August last, having preserved to his very last moments the same firmness of mind, and the same acuteness of

judgment for which He was ever so much famed. His successor, upon his first ascending the throne, took the very wisest steps and gave the strongest proofs of His abilities, but unfortunately having been always so little accustomed to do business and to an active Life, He has allowed Himself of late to be too much drawn off from His business by the pursuit of his pleasures. However His honourable Character and His affection for us have still remained the same, in spite of every attempt which has been made by His Uncle Prince Henry to draw Him into an alliance with France, indeed it has gone so far as to make an open breach between them, and Prince Henry has though fit to retire from Berlin, and it is supposed that He will spend the rest of His days in the South of France or in Italy, which certainly is the country the best adapted to a Person of his taste.

How perfectly every line of this letter bears out the estimate which Lord Cornwallis formed of the character of its writer. A good-natured, amiable, wild boy of the Guards! One half is taken up with honest and clumsy compliment, and the second portion conveys a piece of information which "your lordship will already long ago know," but which must nevertheless be most gratifying when again communicated by His Royal Highness. The implied concern at the backsliding of the new King of Prussia is inexpressibly comical, backed as it is by capital letters and a strong infusion of the Teutonic mode of speech and thought. Far different are the letters written by "the first gentleman in Europe." We select one of the shortest:

"It is so long since I last had the pleasure of hearing from You, y^t I am quite afraid You have forgot your old Friends on this side the Water; I therefore think it high time to assure You y^t there are a few of us who have had the pleasure of passing many pleasant and happy Hours in Your Society who ever are most happy in hearing, be it ever such short Letters, y^t You are well and situated to Y^r satisfaction. By this time you must have heard of the treatment, the shameful, unjust treatment our little worthy Friend and others has experienced from the Minister. I would expatiate much more upon this Subject was it not so perfectly of a piece with everything y^t has been inflicted not only upon other Individuals, but upon every relative and relation of the King's Family, who had acted from principles of disinterested honour, y^t had it not happened one might have been astonished y^t for once, the natural mean, paltry, and revengeful disposition of the minister did not demonstrate itself in the odious and oppressive light w^h now it has in every instance in w^h either could or dared give it vent. I will not, my dear Lord, intrude further upon Y^r time as I know how much it must naturally from Y^r situation be taken up; however, before I conclude, I must just mention to You how much I wish to recommend to Y^r protection, Young Mr. Watts, who is, I believe, in the Company's service, I understand y^t his wish is, if possible, to get equal rank in the Regulars to y^t w^h he has in the Company's troops, I do not know whether this is an easy matter to be done or not, I must leave that entirely my dear Lord to y^r better judgment and knowledge of the possibility of affecting these matters; however, I only hope y^t sh^d this plan not be possible to be arranged you will have the goodness to employ the Young Man in some other line to w^h you may deem he has abilities."

One of these letters may stand for all. The impress is so deep, sharp, and ugly, that no one who has once seen the performance can ever mistake the image and superscription. It is always the same slipshod style, the same aversion to full stops; the same bundling together of most heterogeneous phrases; the same vulgarities of expression, the same stale compliments, and the same dirty requests. One of these letters is

intended to make the fortune of one "Young Treves" concerning whom G. P. understands "yt the object of his ambition is at present to be appointed to the Adulet of Benares, w^h is now held by a Black named Alii Cann." Another of these drafts for acceptance is presented by a third "Young Man." "I formerly recommended him to you, and his name is Coleman." Nothing can be more explicit and less complimentary than the opinion of Lord Cornwallis expressed in the score of these productions:

"The style of them, although personally kind to excess, has not been very agreeable to me, as they have always pressed upon me some infamous and unjustifiable job, which I have uniformly been obliged to refuse, and contained much gross and false abuse of Mr. Pitt, and improper charges against other and greater personages about whom to me at least he ought to be silent."

On his return to England early in spring, 1794, Lord Cornwallis found that an English army, under the Duke of York, was engaged in conjunction with the Austrians, Prussians, and Dutch, in the defence of Flanders. In the first year of the campaign their combined operations had been successful, but the jealousy felt by the two great German powers towards each other threatened to mar the prospects of 1794. Lord Cornwallis was sent to inquire into and report upon the state of affairs, and if possible to urge the rival commanders to something like cordial co-operation. It was next proposed by Austria that the supreme command of the four armies should be given to the hero of Seringapatam; in other words, that the Duke of York should either resign his command of the British forces, or consent to serve under a general whom the public voice of Europe designated as the first captain of the day. But that general was a subject. The proposition was resented by the king, and to all appearance it revolted even the goodnature of the Duke of York. Lord Cornwallis, who, from the first, considered the scheme an impracticable one, had to explain, and almost to apologise, for having been mentioned as capable of occupying a position, which might have given umbrage to or wounded the tender susceptibilities of the royal family. This portion of his conduct has been condemned by austere critics. To us it appears natural, and by no means reprehensible. So long as he wished to be active and useful in his profession; so long as he had any desire to continue in his career; so long was he compelled to live with and under such men as George III. and the Duke of York, and to consult the feelings and defer to the prejudices of his superiors. The King's susceptibilities were great; his feelings of enmity easily roused; his prejudices were insurmountable, and his hatred most tenacious. His narrow views and selfish instincts had to be most anxiously consulted by the abler and better men, who influenced, if they could not direct, the policy of his cabinet.

The Irish career of Lord Cornwallis claims more than a passing notice, while in these volumes there is space only for a delineation of its most striking feature. Let us say at once that he assumed the Government of Ireland at the most critical and dangerous period of that country's history. The nation was demoralised beyond the possibility of belief and beyond the hope of cure. The whole of its body politic was one mass of corruption; not a sound place was to be found anywhere. The factions were violent, cruel, and mercenary. It might

be said of the Irish in those days what the monks of the middle ages said of the Westphalians: that they were "*sine pietate, sine pudore, sine constantia et sine veritate*," &c., void of piety and constancy, shameless and truthless. Every man was at work ruining somebody — himself or his neighbours. Jobbery was an institution; corruption a vested interest. The revenues were devoured by sinecurists; commissions in the Dragoons were given to women; the administration was carried on by those who sought power for the purpose of extorting money. And by a strange anomaly the putrid fever of general corruption was still more envenomed by a number of men of talent, whose fame and whose achievements are unsurpassed even in the history of Irish genius. A rebellion was raging; Jacobinism was rampant, and the French were on the sea.

What Lord Cornwallis did for Ireland may be summed up in a few words. He stemmed, at least to some extent, the devastating tide of jobbery. He suppressed the rebellion, and he took up and carried out the grand and beneficent idea of the Union between Ireland and England. He effected all this with the only means he could employ. Let us admit at once that those means were not always of such a kind as a man of his character would have chosen had there been any choice in the case. A short letter, dated December, 1798, defines with appalling candour the exact nature of the question mooted between him and the people of Ireland:

"That every man in this most corrupt country should consider the important question before us in no other point of view than as it may be likely to promote his own private objects of ambition or avarice, will not surprise you, but you will I think be pleased at the sensible line which the principal Catholics have adopted."

The case is again most forcibly stated in a letter to General Ross:

"My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work, and am supported only by the reflection that without an union the British Empire must be dissolved."

It is strange that so recent an event as the Union should even at this early day have been smothered up in a mass of contradictory statements. Thus, for example, it has been denied that anything like bribery and corruption was practised on the part of the British government. There are in this "Cornwallis Correspondence" a number of letters from Lord Castlereagh, that will for ever set the question at rest which must have been mooted by persons alike ignorant of the laxity of principle which distinguished the eighteenth century in general, and the love of corruption which marked Ireland in the latter portion of that century. The following extracts from Lord Castlereagh's letters to Mr. Wickham and Mr. King need no comment:

"Already we feel the want, and, indeed, the absolute necessity of the *primum mobile*. We cannot give that activity to the Press which is requisite. We have good materials amongst the young barristers, but we cannot expect them to waste their time and starve into the bargain. I know the difficulties, and shall respect them as much as possible; but notwithstanding every difficulty, I cannot help most earnestly requesting to receive 5000*l.* in bank-notes by the first messenger.

"I am impatient to hear from you on the subject of my letter to the Duke. We are in great distress, and I wish the transmiss was more consi-

derable than the last; it is very important that we should not be destitute of the means on which so much depends."

And again a letter by Mr. Cooke:

"When can you make the remittance promised? It is absolutely essential for our demands increase. Pray let Lord Castlereagh know without delay what can be done by you?"

As a matter of course the Anti-Unionists bribed against the government, and not indeed patriotism and principles, but votes were sold to the highest bidder. A gentleman, rejoicing in the *sobriquet* of Jerusalem or Burn-chapel Whaley was bought by the opposition for 4000*l.*, one half cash down, and the other half due after the division.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which throws a curious light upon the morals of the age, that neither Lord Castlereagh nor Lord Cornwallis were ever seriously accused of effecting the great political object entrusted to their hands, by illicit means. The fact is, the means were not considered illicit. Lord Downshire might indeed—no doubt greatly to the amusement of his friends and supporters—express "his detestation of such means, and disown his connection with those engaged in them, *if such things could be.*" But his contemporaries, strangers to this sublime incredulity, considered they had a vested interest in bribery; they might suffer from it at times, but on the whole their instincts told them that it was to their advantage. Another most extraordinary accusation was made against Lord Cornwallis; the Irish royalists denounced him as a curse to the country, which he ruined by his clemency. How far it was possible for him to exert that clemency is best shown by a passage in one of his letters to Lord Castlereagh:

"The same wretched business of courts-martial, hanging, transporting, &c., attended by all the dismal scenes of wives, sisters, fathers, kneeling and crying, is going on as usual, and holds out a comfortable prospect for a man of feeling."

A letter to General Ross throws some more light upon this fresh chapter in the history of "Ireland's Wrongs:"

"The greatest difficulty which I experience is to control the violence of our loyal friends, who would, if I did not keep the strictest hand upon them, convert the system of martial law (which, God knows, is of itself bad enough) into a more violent and intolerable tyranny than that of Robespierre. The vilest informers are hunted out from the prisons to attack by the most barefaced perjury the lives of all who are suspected of being, or of having been, disaffected, and indeed every Roman Catholic of influence is in great danger. You will have seen by the addresses both in the north and south, that my attempt to moderate that violence and cruelty which has once driven, and which, if tolerated, must again soon drive this wretched country into rebellion, is not reprobated by the voice of the country, although it has appeared so culpable in the eyes of the absentees."

So loud were the denunciations of the undue lenity shown by Lord Cornwallis to the Irish rebels, that Lord Castlereagh had to write an official letter disproving the charge, and enumerating the number of executions and sentences of transportation which had been carried into effect under the "lax rule of a lukewarm ruler." Lord Cornwallis himself had to speak out in defence of his character:

"You write as if you really believed that there was any foundation for all the lies and nonsensical clamour about my lenity. On my arrival in this country, I put a stop to the burning of

houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeomen, or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confessions; and to the free quarters, which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the country. . . . I have never suffered my private feelings to get the better of the great duty I owe to the public. My conscience does not reproach me with a single act of improper or impolitic lenity."

We make no excuse for taking a flying leap from the affairs of Ireland to those of Europe, and to follow Lord Cornwallis to Paris and Amiens, on his mission to negotiate the short-lived peace which is known by the name of the last-named city. The time: about the end of 1801, when Napoleon ruled as First Consul. At Paris, Lord Cornwallis and his secretaries, including his son, Viscount Broome, were astonished by the opening of the sittings of the *Corps Législatif*. "The members were all in costume, but the procession had more the appearance of an exhibition on the stage, or even a puppet-show, than a solemn proceeding of a legislative body. In many parts of the house, or at least at the doors of it, sentinels with fixed bayonets were planted, and in all the avenues leading to it detachments of troops were posted."

Whoever invented the theory of the revolving cycle of events would clutch at these descriptions, and point out how exactly they tally with the manner in which they manage these things in the France of our day. Lord Broome, by far the liveliest correspondent of the diplomatic party, gives the following description of a scene which evidently struck him as highly amusing:

"We went to see the opening of the session of the *Corps Législatif*, and really no puppet-show could be more ridiculous. My father was received with military honours by the guard (for there is a guard everywhere to defend the liberties of the people), and after being introduced to some of the principal members, was ushered into the hall, where, after we had waited for some time, the doors flew open and the members entered, marching two and two to military music. After they had taken their places and the sentinels were stationed at the doors (inside the hall), there came in a man dressed in a sort of mountebank dress, who it was natural to imagine was going to exhibit on the tight rope, but who turned out to be our friend citizen Chaptal, Minister of the Interior, who made them a speech requesting them to choose their President and to proceed to business, which, when he had retired, they accordingly did. It consisted in the President reading two or three letters, one of which was from an artist, making them a present of an engraving of one of Bonaparte's victories," and another from some patriotic bookseller, begging their acceptance of an Almanack. After this we retired, and though the President was still reading, the guard was turned out and the band struck up without the least regard to his dignity."

The impression produced on Lord Cornwallis by the conversation and manner of the First Consul was not favourable. "He is quick, animated, *et il parle en Roi.*" In talking of public affairs, when France is concerned, the language is: "I would rather give up; it is hard upon me; I will take care of the Stadtholder." But the result of all these disagreeable impressions is the deliberate opinion that "Bonaparte's power will not easily be shaken." Here speaks the old soldier and Indian diplomatist, who is instinctively aware of the under-currents of the events of the day; who would come off second best in an after-dinner discussion, but whose impression, though seemingly without any

real basis, is generally justified by the event. It is worthy of note that all Lord Cornwallis's companions were utterly at variance with him as to the stability of Napoleon's power. Lord Broome fears "it will not last till the definitive treaty is signed;" and as for the First Consul, "there is nothing very striking in his appearance, except the state of fear and alarm he appears to be in, and which certainly is very unbecoming a hero, but is very natural in his situation, which is no doubt very precarious." Paris society during the Consulate was at best indifferent; but there is evidently some antipathetic exaggeration in Lord Broome's account of the forty or fifty people with whom he sat down to official dinners, who had "the dress of mountebanks and manners of assassins." Talleyrand's mistress is described as "very like him, and he is like everything that is detestable." Colonel Nightingall, another member of the Embassy, was most unfavourably impressed by the manners and customs of the French of those days. "The male part of our society might be called *rogues*, and many of the female part with equal propriety —. Joseph Bonaparte is pronounced the best among them. Colonel Nightingall cannot allow him the manners of a gentleman, but "he means to do well and to be civil. His wife is a very short, very thin, very ugly, and very vulgar little woman, without anything to say for herself."

The passages of Lord Cornwallis's life on which we have thought it right to dwell, and the extracts we have been able to give from his letters and those of his contemporaries, must have amply justified the high opinion we expressed of the value of this correspondence, and of the labours of Mr. Ross, who most assiduously, and to a great extent successfully, collected all the *disjecta membra* of the history of a period which nowhere is depicted with such force, truth, and individuality, as in the public and private letters of the soldier who took a leading, and in many instances a decisive part in the development of British power, in the most important and critical of its phases. As a source of history, as a treasury of authorities, as a book of reference, the "Cornwallis Correspondence" will always be consulted and valued. We close our notice of it with another quotation—the pithy and somewhat curious letter introducing the man who was destined to extend and consolidate the Indian conquests, and finally to conquer at Waterloo the subtle negotiator of Amiens. The letter is addressed to Sir J. Shore, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis in the government of India:

"I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wellesley, who is lieutenant-colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man and good officer, and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation."

Two Journeys to Japan, 1856-7. By Kinahan Cornwallis. (Newby.)

JAPAN is the fashion. People will be soon "doing" the "kingdom of the Rising Sun," as they now do Rome and Florence, the Acropolis, and the Nile. At present, Japan is almost virgin; indeed, she is the only virgin country left to us, for China is fast becoming vulgarised, and will soon be the favourite tour of Jones and Robinson. Brown and Baby Simmons have already been there, and what can now guard the sanctity of the central Flowery Land? But

Japan is though Baby Si Aborig when had a "Yarra quick, and all knock we do seen th done th Mr. Co should compil anther voyag stock specti happy —stol exped templ the i ware, shoes but h where bruta his i upon this the are i to it ridi Nos who a co into slab gen exc him fine wa and No bee su wa po su on na th by he Y hu in g n to g d c i n l

Japan is still comparatively unprofaned—though we should say that only Brown and Baby Simmons accompanied the "Wandering Aborigine" in his nameless American ship, when he visited her. We do not believe he had any more substantial companions. "Yarra-Yarra" is a clever fellow, very quick, very keen, with a fine flow of words and all that, and with a marvellously happy knack at adaptation. He has travelled too; we do not say he has not; but he has never seen the things he writes of so glibly, nor done the feats that he recounts. Seriously, Mr. Cornwallis is a capital compiler, but he should not put forth a book which is only compilation, with such grave pretensions to authenticity. He has given us in these voyages a very interesting *rechauffé* of the stock stories and information current respecting Japan; the two swords, and the happy dispatch, the fat animal-like athletes—stolen out of the book of the United States' expedition—the Buddhist and the Sintoo temples, the bathing in public, the spies, and the incessant counting; the tea, lacquerware, paper pocket-handkerchiefs, and straw shoes for the horses. There is nothing new but his account of the tragedy at Simoda, where a Japanese officer is kicked by a brutal American, and immediately drawing his sword, gives himself happy dispatch upon the spot. If Mr. Cornwallis has stolen this idea, we confess ourselves ignorant of the whereabouts of the original. But we are inclined to give him the full credit due to its manufacture. Also original are his ridiculous conversations with the lay figure Nosokotoska and his wife Tazolee, to whom he presents, among other things, a copy of Byron, and converses on the intolerance which denied the poet a slab in Westminster Abbey. The Japanese gentleman is quite up on the subject; as indeed he is on all subjects usually thought exclusively Western property; and expresses himself in the very best English of the finest Minerva school. How Mr. Cornwallis was able to hold such unrestrained familiar and domestic intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Nosokotoska, let the officers who have really been to Japan determine. How about the spies—the "cross-eyed" persons—Mr. Cornwallis? How about the government and police regulations permitting only such and such circulation, and the restrictions placed on all private communications with the natives? That touching little episode of the handsome Japanese and his wife—by the bye, why does Mr. Cornwallis twice call him her sire?—was too highly coloured. Had Yarra-Yarra been less ambitious, he might have passed undetected.

There is the requisite amount of history in this two-volumed trifle. How the Dutch gained their footing, and how successive nations were foiled in their attempts at trade and intercourse, the treacherous origin of the power of the Ziogoon, and the fettered grandeur of Mikado's life, together with the due admixture of botany, make up the more solid parts. The rest is all froth, beaten out of rapid reading, quick imagination, a power of words, and the most consummate coolness in wholesale adaptation. It is pretty and readable enough; and with its made-up pictures, partly copied from other prints, and partly, we should say, copied from Japanese box-lids, may be a favourite with the young, to whom the subject is new. Those who have read graver and more reliable authors will scarcely come to the end of Mr. Cornwallis. Yet it would be a pity to miss the

end; for in what he chooses to call his "After Journey," he has so wonderfully pirated Herman Melville, that one scarcely knows whether to admire his audacity, or to marvel at his poverty of invention. Certainly, Herman Melville never wrote anything like that miraculous swinging down the chasm; but he showed Mr. Cornwallis the ways through the forest and the valley; he introduced him to the boy and girl "half-naked, loving, natural," and not Greek, standing under the shade of the bread fruit tree; he went before him to the hut, and was stared at by the fourteen eyes; but he and his friend did not get off so well as Yarra-Yarra and the sailing-master, the exigencies of whose condition required a diversion in the story. So bold a robber is he, too, that he even incorporates that old newspaper story of the South Sea queen and the tattooed sailor, told somewhat less broadly than the original, but which he gravely asserts he saw; as he also asserts he saw the troop of swimming maidens, with their trailing hair and supple limbs, who, shaking the salt drops from them, sprang into the chains and swarmed like a troop of dusky naiads over the deck. Herman Melville had seen them before; and Mr. Cornwallis could not do otherwise than follow his great master's lead. But the anecdote of the South Sea baby is the richest bit of all. A baby only a few days old, he says, he witnessed swimming in the water; coming to the rock and crawling up at the mother's call, uttering a faint cry as it struck out its tiny limbs. We can quite well believe that a baby of a few months old, after it has begun to what nurses call "take notice," is plunged into a stream and taught to swim; but a tiny, senseless, flabby creature of a few days—has Mr. Cornwallis ever seen a newborn baby?

But though sceptical, we are not condemnatory. The book is an amusing book, pleasantly written, and evidencing generous feeling: it is only a sham; an agreeable, jovial, kind-hearted sham if you will; but a thousand outlying virtues cannot make that true which is manifestly untrue. Marryatt's "Monsieur Violet" was a sham of the like kind; with more imagination and power in it, but with no more veracity; and Defoe, with the justification of genius, belongs to the same class. Still there are limits; and those limits clearly do not include imitation. Marryatt wrote a most charming book, which he imposed on his family even as genuine, and Defoe created a classic and a type. Mr. Cornwallis has simply taken advantage of a mercantile demand to produce a pleasant compilation, wherein there is but one novelty, and that novelty so outrageous as to be Queen's evidence against the rest. He may have been to Japan; he may have been to the South Sea Islands; it is possible that he knows something of Australia, and that he has breathed the air of British Columbia, and perhaps picked up its gold; but if he will clothe his own experiences in the chosen garb of others, he must expect to be disbelieved on the whole count, and not take it amiss if his critics think him shallow, and call him—sham.

English Country Life. By Thomas Miller. (Routledge.)

If Mr. Miller went into the fields and woods for material for this work, he took his London cigar with him, and it was a bad one. Never did a book show more dis-

tinctly the traces of a feverish London life than this; never was nature written of less naturally; or the healthiest influence of man more marred by affectation, and the cant of an ill-fitting fancy. The got-up imagination which informs Mr. Miller's pages is as unlike that hearty, fresh, animal enjoyment of country life and country pleasures which such men as Wilson and Hogg, and even Howitt, have shown, as the stage waterfall and the stage moon are unlike the realities, miles away. It is not English country life that he writes of, but a sickly would-be orientalism redolent of Latakia and Beng. And as for his beautiful peasant maidens, with their glossy ringlets, white arms, and faultless forms, blushing to the soft whispers of their manly lovers between the pauses of the haymaking or the reaping, they are nearer akin to the shepherds and shepherdesses of Madame d'Aulnoy or Mr. Lumley than to the live peasants, in high-lows and draggled petticoats, who clump through the bye-lanes to their hovels after the weary day's coarse work is done. Nothing would be so mischievous, if it were not so silly, as this operatic presentation of our poor. When a man talks of the "white arms" and "little hands," the "blushes" and "timidity" of girls who work out in the fields and live as our peasant girls do live, in a normal condition of unspeakable indecency—we make an end of all reliance on his truthfulness or his common sense. He is of the satin and spangle school, a believer in Swiss hats and flowery garlands—devout as to ivory crooks and braided aprons, a preacher of that which is only tolerable when confessedly a gaslight sham.

Has any reader of the LITERARY GAZETTE ever passed through a hop-ground in the hopping time? If so, and he has had on his arm his young daughter just entering womanhood, or the boy whose purity he cares to guard, we do not think that hop-ground seemed quite the Arcadia to him that it does to Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller, writing in a London room, thinks it a place fit for the gods; and talks rapturously of the "girls as lovely"—as the "sunny land of Italy," according to the context—"their long ringlets floating among the drooping hops, and their bare arms glancing between the clusters, while laughter echoes far around." All very fine, if true. But when one thinks of the foul language which these lovely girls hear and repay in kind, of the things they do and the things they witness, we cannot subscribe unhesitatingly to the moral perfection of Mr. Miller's hop Arcadia.

The harvest home, again, is traced according to the same pattern. First, we have a "beautiful girl" decorated with a wreath of flowers, and borne in triumph on the top of the last load; then youths "embrowned by summer toil;" then the old farmer at his gate, with a foaming tankard, the typical farmer's wife, the handsome daughter—"Hark! how her clear voice rings!" says Mr. Miller—and the young squire standing by her, suggestively. For of course, in Mr. Miller's and the playwrights' country world, young squires generally marry old farmers' handsome daughters. Then comes the supper, with plum puddings described as "thick rotundities of a world of sweets;" and then another love scene between "a good-looking youth and a lovely maiden," with the blushes and the *petit soins*, the airs and graces and pretty coquetries, of the aristocratic drawing-room naturalised among the high-lows and the draggled petticoats.

We must give a bit of Mr. Miller's harvesting in his own words:

"Now all along our sunny shores, and in the very heart of our sea-engirded island, there is a busy stir of gathering in the harvest, for the golden corn is ripe and ready for the sickle; and man and maiden—when the wheat is very forward—must set aside all other labour to swell the corn-reaping band. To the farmer it is the busiest and most important time of all the year, if he is a great wheat-grower; nor do the poorest villagers feel less interested, for gleaning is also their harvest time, and a bushel or two of corn may now be picked up, to make bread of, in Winter. I love to see children and women gleaning! 'The little wee things,' with their hard red legs shining amongst the stubble, and stooping now and then to pick up an ear of corn, or raising their little heads to scare away a crow, or standing with their scissors to clip off the long straw, and thrust only the ears into the bags which their mothers have tied before them. Then to see them running to the kind old woman, and, showing the apparently well-filled bag, tell her that it is dinner-time! But, alas for the children! she puts in her hand, and cramming down the wheat, and thrusting it well into the corners, and throwing out much unnecessary straw, sends them away with it, less in appearance, but promising them their dinners when it is really well filled. Then the tales that are told while they partake of their humble meals, by the piled sheaves, or under the shadow of the high hedge! Then to think of Ruth gleaning in the field of her kinsman Boaz! O how I love gleaning for Ruth's sake, for the sake of poetry and of antiquity!—for there were gleaners ages long ago."

And further on, in the midst of a page or so of supreme twaddle about Ruth, and Naomi, and Boaz, he bursts out again with, "O how I love gleaners for the sake of Ruth!" He loves sheep-shearing too, because "Solomon may have sat in all his glory at such entertainments;" with more about the early patriarchs and their possibilities; for he is always glad of an excuse to drag in historical and patriarchal inanities on every occasion. But his description of a gipsy camp is perhaps the most glaring bit of false colouring in the book; it is in reality the key to all the rest; a fact, or what we may reasonably believe was a fact, distorted out of all likeness to itself and the truth by absurdity of treatment. There is the traditional old woman boiling the traditional pot; there is also the traditional old man, with folded arms, bending over the fire, once or twice looking upon Mr. Miller's face, but speaking not a word; then comes the stark brown girls, one with "hair as dark as the longest night," hushing the stark-brown baby beneath the silk handkerchief *de rigneux*; there are lounging fellows, of course, of whom one is a Hector, "whose form would not have disgraced that famous hero;" and there are dogs which, strangely unlike gipsy camp-dogs in general, fawn on the author and his friend, to the elegant and grammatically expressed surprise of the dark-haired young mother. This is the conversation between the heathen gentleman and the Romany lady:

"'Tis neither two nor three would run away with Israel and Gibeon," answered the young mother, who had succeeded in getting her child to sleep. 'Besides, they have got Vixen with them; and he would tear any man down. He did once seize a gamekeeper by the collar who was peeping through the back of our camp like a thief, instead of coming forward like a gentleman, and giving us good-even: I dare say the dog thought that he intended to steal the donkeys!'

"'He would be a cunning dog,' said I, 'to distinguish a thief from an honest man; and if we

are to be tried by the same rule, our reception by the dogs was not very flattering.'

"'Nay!' answered she, 'the dogs always bark at the appearance of strangers; but from the manner in which Lounger has been climbing about and fondling you, I believe he considers you honest.'

"'I imagine,' answered my companion, laughing, 'that my friend is principally indebted to the remains of a biscuit for the goodwill that now reigns between him and Lounger.'

"'That I can answer for,' replied the fair girl: 'for the dog brought me a portion, and laid it at my feet.'

George Borrow's gipsies are ideal enough; but at best they had the advantage of being like nothing else between the four seas; Mr. Miller's are simply a party of coryphæes grouped round a fire, and speaking according to Lindley Murray. To make the matter better, too, we have a vilely bad engraving of two demented individuals dancing in full daylight, with the crescent moon in the sky, and all the needful properties complete.

Through the whole book runs the same fatal fault. Who that ever really felt the freshness of a country life could maundle through nearly five hundred pages of turgid imperfections of flowers, and summer and all the seasons in turn? Who that had ever sat under the quivering shade of the feathery birch, and looked at it with the love and the eye of an artist, could have consented to such a phrase as "the lady-like birch?" or who, with his hands full of real honey-suckle, could coin such a platitude as "the lady-like woodbine bending her fair face over the woodland walk?" A page or two of vivid impersonation, a page or two of that pantheistic poetry which produced "The Sensitive Plant and the Cloud," might have been introduced with grace and effect. Had, indeed, the "Birth of Summer," by Gawain Douglas, quoted by Mr. Miller, or even his own more ambitious "Death of Summer," been the only attempts at this style of writing, they would not have been misplaced, and would have stood out forcibly from the rest. But when we have to wade through a closely-printed volume of sickly rubbish about the seasons humanised, about May-day dead, and her "sweet corse decked with flowers," &c.,—when we can read of nothing more natural in flower-scenery than of "the tall bulrush, that feathered chieftain of lake and mere, who now dances his sable plume upon the wind, and proudly overlooks the vassal-like reeds at his feet;" or of foxgloves, who must needs "anchor their feet in the earth," as if flowers were accustomed to grow upon nothing,—when the wild rose "woos the dew to alight," and scarlet poppies wave their velvet banners as the "silvery willow bows gracefully before" the Summer in her "frounces of flowers," we can but fling down the book with impatience and disgust at such maudlin folly on so choice a theme. For the theme is the choicest a man could handle; and with simple and healthful treatment would have made a deathless work. As it is, it is a heap of pure fustian. What is this description of the snow-drop but rank fustian? "Still the lovely flower maintains its beautiful form in the cold air, for heat throws out its petals and destroys its symmetry. It never changeth its hue—never weareth a streak or tinge like other flowers, but wrapt in its own purity blows amid the snow, and when the amorous sun makes love to its cold chastity it withers from his embrace." At page 405, too, there is a splendid bit of nonsense about the "aged ocean," and how England's

children "proudly ride where the sons and daughters of sunnier climes would not venture." We may take this as Mr. Miller's presentation of a fishing population.

The illustrations, which are profuse, are not much better than the letter-press—though we must do them the justice to say, that, excepting one theatrical little Diana, posing for May, they have nothing of the author's meretriciousness of style. But as illustrations to the book itself they are failures. Of all styles, and all sizes, and all ages, alike only in their shamefully careless printing, and the smashed and battered condition of the older blocks; they are sadly indicative of the want of art feeling and education in our publishers, who never know good things from bad, and always confound quantity with quality. One half the illustrations appropriate to the passage which they were designed to embody, fresh and cleanly cut, would have made a handsome volume; but the present mass of art "pie" is only an evil the more. If Mr. Miller mentions the word bridge, there is a bridge in between the lines; if he speaks of the "lady-like birch" or any other tree, we have a typical tree below the words—a scribble of conventional foliage which may stand for anything between a laburnum and an oak. We have cross-lined skies and cross-lined shadows; birds without the marking of a feather, and cut with a plain tint, as if they were so many wooden birds out of Noah's ark—cuts so hard and liney that surely the youngest apprentice had them in hand, and pictures, pretty enough in themselves, broken by the printer into utter ruin and indistinctness. In every particular the book is a complete failure; and ought to be a warning to the author of the pleasant "Day in the Woods," to leave off writing of nature. The gaslights of the London streets have flared too long between him and the open fields.

Ghosts and Family Legends. By Mrs. Crowe, Authoress of the "Night Side of Nature." (Newby.)

ANOTHER volume of ghost stories by Mrs. Crowe—as grim and horrifying as the "Night Side of Nature," which sends one to bed with a shudder, and lends an awful deliberation to the act of putting out the candle. These pages would literally be frightful if they were not at the same time fascinating. You never know at what turn in the narrative to look for the sudden bit of description, which is to thrill the nerves and horripilate the forehead. The authoress has two or three favourite ways of telling a story. Either she proceeds in a simple tone of narrative, without colour or excitement, intended to win confidence and give a life-like air to the circumstances, before she introduces the supernatural element; or she draws a picture of awe-inspiring associations—midnight—a lone chateau in the Schwarzwald; a haunted chamber, cocked pistols, brandy flask, and bull dog; or perhaps it is in broad sunlight on a fine summer day, in some smiling flower-garden or pastoral retreat, that the thunderclap bursts upon the reader. In short there are ghosts here of all qualities, ages, characters, forms and dimensions; some dumb and some silent, some gigantic, others of ordinary size; some in the shape of men, women, and boys, others in the form of dogs and cats; whilst a few of the stories are merely of natural events, but such as are striking to the imagination, as murder

and the like, accompanied by remarkable coincidences or cases of animal sagacity. Of the latter sort are the tales called "The Carrier" and the "Sheep Farmer's Story," every word of which is quite consistent with the ordinary course of nature. Others, it must be confessed, are not so readily explicable; and they must be left to the ingenuity or credulity of the reader. Whether Mrs. Crowe pledges herself to the truth of the statements which she addresses to the reader when she speaks *propria persona*, we do not know. All that she seems to wish the reader to believe, on her own word, is this: she declines to say whether she has ever herself seen a ghost; but she avows "her entire and continued belief in the fact that others do occasionally see these things," an assertion which may amount to a great deal or to a very little, according to the sense in which it is taken. The framework of the book, which is that the stories contained in the first part of it were told on successive evenings at a country-house by the visitors, a doctor, a married lady, a colonel, &c., we take to be as fictitious as the scheme of the "Decameron;" whilst the autograph letters addressed to the author, "communicating personal experiences," are, to say the least, suspicious. Yet Mrs. Crowe speaks of the assemblage of ghost-seers and storytellers at the country-house, and of the correspondence, just as if they were circumstantial and genuine occurrences. This weakens the force of her solemn assurance in the preface; and mixes up what is meant to be taken as fictitious and what is intended to be believed as true in one category. It is needless to say that great masters of the *vraisemblable*—Defoe, for instance—never make this mistake. And if the finest touches of art are wanting, great ingenuity and fecundity of imagination must be allowed to belong to the lady who has compiled this varied collection of anecdotes, which in their main object—that of exciting wonder and leading to speculation, even in this, its lowest and most obvious form, upon the mysteries of the unseen world—cannot fail to be welcome and abundantly successful.

The Ionian Islands in Relation to Greece, with Suggestions for advancing our Trade with the Turkish Countries of the Adriatic and the Danube. By John Dunn Gardner, Esq. (Ridgway.)

This is a spiritedly written pamphlet on a subject which is exciting a good deal of attention just now,—the condition of the Ionian Isles and the true policy of England in relation to them. The writer, who is well acquainted with the islands and the islanders from personal residence amongst them, maintains that they should not only be retained, but governed for the future with a firmer hand than heretofore. They are really, he asserts, from personal knowledge and experience, not fit for the very liberal, and even democratic, constitution we have, in an excess of generosity, bestowed upon them. For the last ten years we have humoured them to the top of their seditious and rebellious bent, till they have at last become unmanageable. The internal affairs of the island are in a complete deadlock, the Lord High Commissioner and the Local Parliament pulling in different directions, "like the Greeks and Trojans of old at the body of Patroclus." We have in fact adopted the wrong plan with these islanders. Their sympathies are with the east, not with

the west; with the Orientals, not with the Europeans. Like most of the Greeks they are fawning, shifty, and servile to the strong, but tyrannical and insolent to the weak.

The spoiling of the islanders the writer attributes very much to the absurd sentimentalism about Greece, in which we have so much indulged. He certainly speaks rather strongly on his subject, but there is sense in what he says. His indignation, too, is specially excited just now by the fact that this sentimentalism, comparatively harmless in theory, has developed itself injuriously in practice, the government having selected a "distinguished Homeric scholar" as their Commissioner Extraordinary to inquire into the state of the Islands. This Homeric plea he dismisses in a very summary way:

"In our management of the Ionian islands we have nothing to do with Homer, nor is a 'Homeric scholar' exactly the sort of person to be selected in the present entanglements; the Greeks know and care as much about Homer as we do about Venerable Bede; there is great risk that a 'Homeric scholar' may run into crotchets, and allow his mind to become bewildered by a collision of classical association with British interests; if we suffer our minds to be warped by such humbug, British policy will be emasculated, and we cannot approach any discussion on equal terms with several foreign states and peoples, because they have bred men of ever-living fame; if, because the Ionians are of the same stock with Homer, we are to let them go to Greece, why are we not to befriend Greece herself and aid her even, in an indefinite expansion over the Levant, because she can point to the same Homer, and to a long line of great names very many ages ago? Why are not the Jews to be equally affectionately considered, and restored to their Judaea on account of Moses and the Prophets? If this newly-risen humbug is to make us 'debtors to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, to the wise and to the unwise,' in strict justice let us not omit the long defunct Copts, without whom the Greeks themselves would have been barbarians; by the same rule we ought to bow down to Italy, because she civilised Britain; to Portugal, because she found the Cape of Good Hope and the road to India; and to Spain, because through her Columbus discovered America; we profess ourselves to be very wise in thus 'worshipping the creature;' but the fabric of British empire was not raised by nonsense like this; Nelson, and Blake, and Latimer looked straight to their object; besides Spain if she sent forth a Columbus, presented us with the Armada; Italy with the Pope; the Jews love specie rather than the species; and the Greeks smell throughout all history of every sort of deceit and fraud; classical sentimentalism runs through Greek books of travel a great deal too much, and clearly proves their authors to be not in their sober senses; but God forbid that it should contaminate our statesmen, and cause them in these Ionian affairs to stumble; let them hit the right nail on the head, and throw classics and classical times to the dogs, rather than that the honour or interests of Great Britain suffer a tittle."

Mr. Gardner maintains that we ought not to think for a moment of relinquishing our hold on the Islands. They are of great value to us on many grounds, political, military, and commercial. In the first place they are the key of the Mediterranean, and this inland sea has always been "the centre of human conflicts." They are thus as invaluable to us as to any power that rules the sea. They played a great part when the Romans and Venetians possessed them, and were of essential service to these powerful governments. We have now gained them, and as they were of immense service in the early history of Europe, they may be so again. They are invaluable too as ports for shipping, their harbours and roadsteads being some of the finest in the

Mediterranean. And this is a sufficient reason of the very strongest kind for retaining them. Again, if we abandon them, they will in all likelihood become mere pirates' nests. These marine bandits infest Greece and the Isles, and successfully defy every effort made to root them out. They are kept away from the Islands by the presence of British vessels in their ports; and if we depart they would only be too glad to occupy our place. The last reason urged for not giving them up, though of rather a domestic and humble kind, is nevertheless a very influential one; it appeals at once to the mothers and wives of England, and its force will be recognised by every child in the three kingdoms:

"There is another, smaller but not contemptible, ground for our keeping the islands, and that is the currant trade; in England currants are almost a necessary of life; and we have the means of getting them without difficulty, and in abundance, from Zante, Cephalonia, and the Southern islands. I believe that they are not exported to any extent from anywhere else, except from the Gulf of Corinth; but it would be very foolish, in every respect, to subject our supply of this fruit to the loving mercy of such a government as that of Athens; because, if they were in possession of the Ionian Islands, they would have a complete monopoly of this trade, and knowing well that England, compared with herself is made of gold, and will pay to any amount for what she likes, she would put a large export duty on the article, and our currant puddings would become very dear. Homer, and the Odyssey, and the gardens of Alcinoüs, are all very fine, but the memory of them stands poor chance in the minds of the great mass of Britons, compared with the delight of cheap currants."

The remedy for the present disgraceful state of things in the island is, in the writer's opinion, a stronger and simpler government:

"The remedy for the present state of things in the islands is extremely simple; abolish the impracticable constitution of Lord Seaton and Lord Grey, and adopt such laws as shall be for the well-being of the islands; have a good working constitution; what the people require is a straightforward system: this is the expression which I heard the most frequently used at Corfu, and the word expresses correctly the thing wanted; Sir Thomas Maitland, or King Tom, as they called him there, is the *beau idéal* of Governors for these islands; the present Lord High Commissioner appears to have wanted energy, perhaps owing to his hands being so tied by the present silly constitution that is in force; his Government allows itself to be harassed and insulted at every step; there are always small disputes; at one time the chronic nuisance of the disgusting mummy of St. Spiridion, the local saint, comes upon the scene, and the Palace is falsely arraigned for some pretended slight to it. Last summer an Ottoman ship, full of Turkish troops, anchored at Corfu on its way to Montenegro, short of bread; the Corfiotes, who hate Turks, actually seized the bread on its way to the poor starving troops, and would not let it go, under the pretence that there was not enough for the town; this was a capital thing to annoy the Government, and was a long subject of crimination and recrimination, and was even referred to the Home Government. Miserable questions of the most contemptible character are always on the tapis between the Lord High Commissioner and the local authorities, which elevate them into notice, and lower the prestige of our authority; the vile press relates these things at full length, taking care to make the most of them."

There is no danger whatever that the Ionians, though they talk so loudly against the freedom they at present enjoy, would seriously resent its infringement. They are noisy and turbulent, because there is no one to tell them in an authoritative voice to be silent, and behave themselves decently.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council has assembled at the Bedford.

THE EDITOR.

But suppose the Berlin folks should think that we are the Common Council, or an affiliated body. No, we must not address the Princess.

MR. STOKES.

No sneers at the Common Council. I am sure the eagerness of its members to be somebodies in the matter did them the utmost credit. They nearly fought on Thursday for the honour of seconding Lott.

THE BARONET.

To do them justice, if they ever have a chance of slaving anybody of rank, they are down upon their knees as quick as shoe-blacks. What a rush they made to crawl to Louis Napoleon!

THE MANDARIN.

And if changes should come, and M. de Morny's relationship to the Dynasty should make that respected and billiard-marking party the Orleans to the present Charles Dix, in a fortnight the Fathers of the City will discover that he overflows with virtues, especially as he has made 300,000*l.* by operations on the Bourse. It is a fine thing to be in the confidence of a sovereign who is going in for a fund-shaking coup.

THE PROFESSOR.

"Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, until they're fat, and then they bleed."

MR. DROOPER.

Name?

THE PROFESSOR.

You a dramatist, and forget the tag to one of the finest plays in the English, or any other language!

MR. DROOPER.

Name?

THE PROFESSOR.

Ben. Not Webster, whom an English lord, in naming the great American orator at a banquet the other day confounded with the excellent manager of the Adelphi, to the great delight of the Yankees. Benjamin Jonson, sir, born 1574, died 1637. The lines are the end of the *Fox*.

MR. DROOPER.

I never saw the fun of Ben Jonson.

THE PROFESSOR.

He would have been more catholic, and seen fun in you. No fun! Why, he might have written for *Punch*. Did you ever read his bit of mock news about the Elephant, that came over as an ambassador from the great Mogul, and could both write and read? His Excellency had a Spanish boy for interpreter, and his chief mission was to confer with Archy, the court fool, about stealing Windsor Castle, and carrying it away on his back. I wish people would read Ben Jonson, and specially his lovely lyrics, which are as light, tender, and musical as Tennyson's.

MR. TEMPLE.

By the way, is the Laureate's new poem really ready—I see paragraphs—

THE EDITOR.

I believe not. People are naturally in a hurry for it, and so write paragraphs, as a girl, waiting for her first lover, puts on the clock in the hope he will come sooner.

THE BARONET.

The girls don't seem to have done much in that way lately. The Registrar-General reports that last year there were enough babies and burials, but that people did not marry so largely as they ought, arithmetically speaking, to have done.

THE MANDARIN.

Crinoline frightened away courtship.

THE EDITOR.

Come, don't let us abuse an extremely healthy and handsome institution of the country. I have

never said or written a word against it, holding that it gives woman a presence, and savours of the days of high breeding and good manners. Besides, what's the use? Never were any two things more abused than Crinoline and the Church of England, and both are now more popular and more widely circulated than ever.

THE PROFESSOR.

Milliners' bills and church-rates are so readily and cheerfully paid everywhere.

THE EDITOR.

Peace, O Mephistopheles!

MR. DROOPER.

Ah! talking of Mephistopheles, I think that Charles Kean ought to have the widest credit for his behaviour to the ballet-girls. The fact has just come out, in reference to the talk about Jane Newell. None of the Princess's girls have any excuse for imitating that young person's *pas*. Mr. Kean pays them a guinea a week, and never stops their salary when they are ill, but on the contrary sends them medical assistance. It is to his honour, and people should know it.

THE EDITOR.

Certainly. As for poor Jane Newell, if the statement made by the respectable tradesman of Regent Street, that the publication of the case brought her scores of letters from gentlemen of England, with proposals for *Traviata* arrangements, the only wonder is that anybody in her state of life is any better than herself. We agreed that she wanted rescue now far more than when she was supposed to be a distressed virtue; but one did not expect to see so many dirty hands held out to relieve her.

THE COLONEL.

Both your ballet and bosh! People are all alike, and always were, and always will be. Are we going to war?

THE MANDARIN.

Don't ask me—ask the Emperor. What does the speech mean?

THE BARONET.

The speech means that all is not quite ready.

THE MANDARIN.

Not that he bows to the general opinion of Europe, and will graciously abstain from plunging her into blood?

THE PROFESSOR.

Who preached that men were only monkeys, who had rubbed off their tails? I wish I had his bust—I would give it the place of honour in my house. By Jove! I believe we are all Gorillas; and Owen knows it, but is too polite to say so. After I don't know how many thousand years, and I don't care, but we'll take the orthodox six, and say that after six thousand years of working, fighting, thinking, worshipping—of Shasters, and Korans, and Bibles—of kings, and priests, and parliaments, and republics—of sermons, and books, and newspapers—of marchings of intellect and counter-marchings of religion—of altars, and temples, and churches, and chapels (*murmurs*)—in a word, after six thousand years of learning how to live, what have we come to? The whole of the most civilised, the most intellectual, the most religious part of the globe, is content to leave it to the decision of one bad man whether half-a-dozen countries shall be devastated with fire and sword, thousands of their noblest and best shall be slaughtered, and their wives and mothers sent mourning to their graves. And Man holds up his head, and talks of his being the image of his Creator. I tell you we are idiotic Gorillas, and shall be dug up by the next race that inhabits this planet, and shown in their museums, with our swords, pens, and prayer-books in glass cases, illustrating the monkey specimens.

THE COLONEL (*humbly*).

I assure, you, gentlemen, when I ventured to touch on the question of the day, I little thought of tapping such a cask of profane vituperation. The Emperor—

THE PROFESSOR (*furiously*).

The man may happen to have sense enough to see that fighting would probably smash him. Another day his brain may be clouded by the fumes of champagne, or one of his mistresses may put him in a bad temper, and then he will cry havoc, and Gorilladom will be in blood and misery. Here is a fact before the whole world, while we are cackling over the question whether legislative wisdom comes with ten pound rents or with nine.

THE EDITOR.

Professor, here is a fresh bottle of claret. Keep it before you until empty, and by dint of large glasses, and the repeating to yourself a few of Solomon's proverbs, calm yourself down into a fit state for converse with Christians.

THE PROFESSOR (*unappeased*).

You are all a pack of Gorillas!

[*Takes the bottle, however.*]

MR. STOKES.

The cackling, as he elegantly calls it, is not to be postponed, as people fancied. I see we are to have the naval estimates on the 25th, and the Government reform bill soon after, Mr. Disraeli hoping to take the second reading before Easter.

THE PROFESSOR (*muttering*).

Gorillas!

THE MANDARIN.

I'll bet anybody three to one that Government carries a reform bill.

THE BARONET.

Old Stephen Price, of Drury Lane, one day had strongly controverted some opinion that somebody advanced (a thing Price was rather given to do), and the man remaining firm, Steff offered a bet. It was refused. Price offered other odds. Refused again. Steff made a third and modified offer. But the other still refused, declining to bet at all. "Then, *sir*!" thundered old Price, "how DARE you advance, in a public room, a statement which you are not prepared to substantiate by a bet?"

THE MANDARIN.

I am obliged by the anecdote—but do you take my bet?

THE BARONET.

No; but make it a Trafalgar dinner to the Council in July, and I will.

THE MANDARIN.

Done with you.

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

MR. DROOPER.

I'll come to the dinner; and you mind we have *suprême de volaille à la financière aux truffes*. If the Greenwich cook doesn't know how to do it, let him come up for a week and study at the feet of Gamaliel Francatelli.

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

MR. TEMPLE.

I have not seen the Prize Poetess's verses on the birth of Our grandson in Berlin. Are they good?

THE EDITOR.

Well remembered. (*Takes out paper.*) I don't know—they ought to be. It is just the theme for a young lady, especially a single one, who has no ideas connected with babyism except those of cooing loveliness. But I should like to read you a poem on the subject.

THE MANDARIN.

Your own?

THE EDITOR.

I only wish it were. No, it is a *bond fide* contribution, sent to the *Literary Gazette* by an aspiring bard. It is short, too, which is an additional beauty. Hear me, and be silent that you may hear:

TO THE YOUNG PRINCE OF BERLIN.

All hail to Prussia's new-born Son,
So sound the bugle, fire the gun.
You come into this World, a Welcom'd guest,
Your birth is known, North, South, and West.

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Sweet little thing, you lay upon your bed.
And perhaps a crown shall ornament your head.
Who knows not that Prussia is your share?
You're now Usher'd in this world of care.
Through Berlin town spread happiness and mirth,
All cities welcome in your birth;
May Guardian Angels your faults all cover,
And may kind Providence bless your Mother,
And may he guide you, and from faults rince,
God save our Princess, and her babe the Prince.

[Loud applause of several minutes' duration.]

MR. DROOPER.

That is poetry. Had Temple written like that, he would not now nourish secret animosity against Miss Craig. I should like to know the author—has he, too, sent a motto and a sealed envelope?

THE EDITOR.

Nothing, save initials: masculine or feminine, I know not: but they will be letters of might some day—they are H. L. I hope, when the poet is Laureate, or she will remember who cradled his or her fame.

THE MANDARIN.

Women ought not to be taught to write, or at least the ability to write ought to be a bar to their marriage. Did you see that case of the poor old physician on Wednesday, who had an action brought against him for a libel, written by his wife, and charging him with misconduct as regarded another lady?

MR. DROOPER.

Woman's only use of writing should be the making out the washing bills, and as these are now printed, the art might as well be excluded from her education.

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

MR. TEMPLE.

So Trafalgar Square is no longer to supply the groves of Academe.

THE BARONET.

No. The painters must

"Spread canvass, spread canvass, and off to the West."

There is nothing but emigration among our works of art. The horses of Venice were hardly more locomotive. Turner and Vernon go to the Boilers, but only for a time—it is said.

MR. TEMPLE.

"Doctors doubt that," as Mrs. Page observes. But it is of small consequence. We want, as hath been remarked at this board before, a collection of pictures for the people, and these should be where the people can get at them. Charing Cross itself is far from central, and what is worse, it is away towards the quarter where the folks live to whom distance is no object. Look at that map of London behind you. As the crow flies, the Nelson column is three miles from Victoria Park, and the immense population of that district have no sight of any kind provided for them—the Tower is the nearest thing, and the admission of a family to see that costs a day's wages.

MR. STOKES.

Smithfield is a good central site, wasted. One of these days, I suppose, the same folks, who while we speak are building out the only good view of St. Paul's, will cover Smithfield with warehouses.

THE BARONET.

Why don't the Scotch of London erect a memorial to their hero there? It is, literally, you know, the spot where "Wallace bled."

THE EDITOR.

A good many people have earned memorials there by their agony. Mr. Cunningham says that "charred bones" were found when St. Bartholomew's was being repaired,—bones of martyrs who had been burned there.

THE BARONET.

A tale of burning seems, in these days, to excite a shudder everywhere, except in the United States, where, I see by the last mail, they have just burned alive two negroes. But Evelyn, into whose Diary I have been lately looking,

writes quietly enough on the subject. He was going through the City one day, as he says, and, "passing Smithfield, saw a miserable creature burning, who had murdered her husband. I went," he goes on, "to see some workmanship of that admirable artist Reeves, famous for carving curiosities in ivory."

THE EDITOR.

Evelyn was a singularly humane man, especially for those days. I seem to remember several cases in which he forbore prosecutions in order to save the lives of the culprits. But how composedly he describes the tortures which he went to see inflicted on a supposed malefactor in the Chatelet,—the stretching the poor wretch "to an extraordinary length," and then drenching him with water until he was terribly swollen. Evelyn makes no remark upon the system by which confession, true or false, was thus extorted, though his mind was a logical one. However, he says that he might have stayed to see a second torturing, but the spectacle was too uncomfortable.

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

THE BARONET.

Some Council of Ten, a hundred years hence, will give us some contemptuous words, for our system of torturing and crippling a non-fraudulent debtor.

MR. TEMPLE.

I trust that our own Council may look back to abolition of that cruel absurdity. There is another move in the right direction in Lord Chelmsford's new Bankruptcy Bill.

MR. DROOPER.

If the Professor were not too savage to be subtle, this would be the place for him to doubt, and to affirm that poverty results from misconduct of some kind—neglect of some possible opportunity, over-indulgence of some habit, or of one's family, want of energy—something calling for punishment. No, he is still self-absorbed.

THE EDITOR.

But absorbing. R. I. P.

THE COLONEL.

I was glad to see that the rascally servant who robbed Captain Sayer, son-in-law to General Phipps, caught it, hot and hot, confound him.

THE BARONET.

Why so much *sarva indignatio*? Don't such things happen every day?

THE COLONEL.

No, sir. You can't have read the case, or would you know what the wretch, whose name is Jesty, did?

THE BARONET.

Took an opera-glass, or a cloak, or something, and with the proceeds decorated his bosom's idol with the ornaments loved of woman. I rather pitied him.

THE COLONEL.

If that had been all. But the worst remains to be told. Sir, his master, the gallant Sayer, who did his work in the Crimea, and deserves his good luck and marriage,—mind that,—had some splendid sherry, priceless stuff! What did their friend Jesty do? Stole the sherry—sold it, I suppose (a shudder) Bah! That's not all. He filled the bottles with filthy public-house wine, and let his master produce that to his guests (groans). Ah, I thought you would feel that. They gave him four years of penal servitude—that is something—but he ought to have had fourteen. There was a cook boiled in Smithfield once for putting poison into some soup. I don't see that he was much worse than Mr. Jesty.

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

THE EDITOR.

Your indignation does you honour, Colonel. "Anger," saith an old divine, "is one of the sinews of the soul," and the man who can't be angry is therefore a cripple. That seems a plea-

sant invention of Captain Norton's, which they have been trying down at Woolwich.

THE COLONEL.

I shall go and see it next time. It appears to be a great discovery.

THE EDITOR.

An application of an old idea; for I remember, some years ago, having some most elegant little matches on the same principle. There was a tiny glass bulb, containing sulphuric acid, and coated with the igniting mixture. You crunched the end of the match, liberated the acid, and—whizz!

THE COLONEL.

Norton uses cartridges, holding glasses containing something like the Greek fire, I take it. He shoots one at a sail, and shortly the sail, even if soaking wet, is destroyed. He purposes to burn all an enemy's canvass in action.

MR. TEMPLE.

But we are to have no canvass. Steam does the work.

THE COLONEL.

Captain Norton is ready for that, too, and has a somewhat larger cartridge, with which he purposes to burn the ship itself.

MR. TEMPLE.

Any invention that makes war still more terrible tends to extinguish it, and therefore should be applauded. Invent some awful agent

"Whose demon death-blow leaves no hope for fight," and you will have no fighting.

THE COLONEL.

I'm not so sure of that. Human nature is both sanguine and sanguinary, and when each nation has got its demon, it will want to set it at work, and will hope that its own demon is a fiercer demon than the other side's, or not so likely to get out of order—in short, we shall go at it.

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

THE MANDARIN.

Have any of you been in Constantinople? If so, you must have known Stamps, and his dark and invaluable shop where you could buy everything in the world—a good deal in advance of home prices, *bien entendu*,—but not unreasonably so.

THE EDITOR.

In that shop I have eaten many kabobs, brought in by the kind permission of the proprietor for the instruction of the traveller. Likewise have I smoked there many pipes. What concerns the nomination of this worthy man?

THE MANDARIN.

You did not notice his death. It was in the *Times*.

THE EDITOR.

Overlooked. Many a man will be reminded of pleasant days, in fresh scenes, when he reads it. But the catalogue in the *Times* increases so enormously, that one always misses something. One of these days the directors will have to summarise it, like the debates. What is to be done when everybody's birth, marriage, and death is published. We are coming to it!

MR. TEMPLE.

Of course, everybody has a right to anything he can pay for, but it is a great bore to have to wade after known names through a mob of cheese-mongers, and excisemen, and tavern-keepers who have all their lives been subscribers to the asylum, whatever that means.

MR. STOKES.

Aristo.

MR. TEMPLE.

Not a bit. It is very right that they should marry, and die, and subscribe; but what is it to the world? There was some sense in the old announcements in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "Married, Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, Merchant, to Miss Yarico, of Liverpool, a hand-

some Young Lady, with a fortune, 'tis said, of 10,000*l*."

MR. STOKES.

And pray what was *that* to anybody, unless it were a hint to Mr. Lovelace to look after the lady, or Sir Loo Piquet to get into play with the gentleman.

MR. DROOPER.

The *Times* will have to make a fourth list, before long, if Sir Cresswell's business continues to increase as it has been lately doing, and between the marriages and deaths will come a record of yesterday's divorces.

THE BARONET.

I hope, then, that there, at least, particulars will be given. "Yesterday, in the Chief Court, Laura Isabella, *née* Scratchley, from Simon Meekington, of Spoonbill Lodge, Muffborough, Esquire. His end was peace, and he has got it."

THE PROFESSOR.

Gorillas!

MR. TEMPLE.

Lord Bury got a large majority on the division on bringing in the Wife's Sister's Bill.

THE MANDRIN.

Not enough to convince Lawn that what it was right to do for the relief of a duke, it can't be wrong to do for the comfort of a plebeian.

THE BARONET.

The women are against the bill.

MR. DROOPER.

Confound their impudence! Is it for the women to settle whom we shall marry? I thought that we were allowed the right of selection, as the martyrs in the arena of Rome were permitted to choose between headman, gladiator, and tiger.

THE EDITOR.

The historical statement is as inaccurate as the sentiment it illustrates is abominable.

THE PROFESSOR.

Go—ril—las!

[It is observed that his claret bottle is empty. Other observations it is undesirable to publish.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE mentioned a few weeks back that a meeting had been held at Burslem, at which it was resolved to erect a public building as a memorial of Josiah Wedgwood, in that his native town. But there being a wide-spread feeling in the pottery district, that a less strictly local memorial to the father of English ceramic art is desirable, a meeting has been held at Stoke-upon-Trent to consider how such an object could best be effected. The resolution arrived at was to erect a Statue of Wedgwood by public subscription, "the character and locality to be left to the decision of the subscribers." Those present entered warmly into the project, and a sum of 850*l*. was subscribed on the spot. An appeal is now made to the general public, and we cannot doubt will be cordially responded to. It would be a grievous pity should an unworthy memorial be raised through lack of sufficient funds.

The design of Mr. John Bell has been approved by the subscribers to the fund for the erection of a monument to the memory of the officers and privates of the Royal Artillery who fell in the late war in the Crimea, and he has been commissioned to execute it. The site is the front of the Royal Artillery Barracks at Woolwich, and it is expected that the memorial will be erected there by the end of the year. Workmen, we may add, are busily engaged in preparing the foundation for Mr. Bell's Guards' Memorial at the end of Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, and we may consequently expect to see that soon in its position.

The sale of the Hertz collection of Antiquities commenced, as we announced, last Monday, and, on the whole, the lots have been competed for with a good deal of spirit. Three of the more im-

portant articles mentioned last week have been sold: the bronze statuette of Venus for 125*l*. to Mr. Webb—but on whose behalf it was purchased by that gentleman was not stated; the Minerva for 59*l*. to the Rev. S. Prince; and the noble Homeric vase to Mr. Forman for 87*l*. A statuette of Minerva was sold to Mr. Walesby for 80*l*.; a head of Tiberius, or Claudius, to Mr. Prince for 51*l*.; a votive head and arms in bronze, to Mr. Eastwood for 100*l*. Some of the more beautiful cameos and intaglios also fetched good prices: one, a Bacchante, being sold to Mr. Webb for 31*l*.; a Silenus to Mr. Böcke for 21*l*.; a Bacchus and a Silenus to Mr. Chaffers, for 12*l*. 12*s*. each; a head of Medusa, to Mr. Böcke, for 18*l*. The sum realised by the first three days' sale was about 2150*l*. The curators of the British and South Kensington Museums were present, and the agent of the latter institution was a pretty frequent purchaser.

The Architectural Photographic Association have arranged to render the magnificent series of large photographs of Rome, Venice, and Cairo, now in their exhibition, further available to their subscribers by means of "descriptive notices" of the architectural features of those cities by eminent architects who have especially studied in them. The first of these notices, on Rome, was delivered on Tuesday last by Mr. A. Ashpitel, the illustrations of course being Macpherson's photographs. Next Tuesday, Mr. G. E. Street will discourse on Venice and the photographs of Camici: and on Tuesday, Mr. Frith's noble views in Cairo will form the basis of a notice by Mr. F. Hayter Lewis.

Mr. Owen Jones's plans and views of the proposed "Palace of the People," Muswell Hill, will be on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's, Pall Mall East, till the 28th instant.

The Meteorological Contributors to the Registrar-General's Quarterly Returns, and others, have presented to Dr. Barker, of Bedford, a handsome striking skeleton clock, made by Bennett, and upon a marble plinth bearing an inscription. Subscriptions were limited to five shillings, and the inscription sufficiently well indicates the occasion of the testimonial: namely—"Presented to Thomas Herbert Barker, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S. By the officers and members of the British Meteorological Society, and others, as a memorial of their esteem, and a recognition of his successful exertions in obtaining for them the re-circulation of the Reports of the Registrar-General, which had been withdrawn by a Treasury Minute."

A "Public Reading Society" has been established in London to provide public readings for working classes. Its plans are to secure the use of public halls, school-rooms, and other convenient places, and to supply evening readings from English literature adapted to a general audience, only a penny being charged for admission. The first readings of the society took place last Monday at Crosby Hall.

A valuable addition to our Parliamentary literature has just been made, in the shape of "A Medical and Surgical History of the British Army which served in Turkey and in the Crimea during the War against Russia in the years 1854, 1855, and 1856." It is in two immense volumes, the first giving a military medical history of individual corps, while the second, which is divided into two parts, contains a history of disease, and a history of wounds and injuries. This volume is illustrated by diagrams setting forth much interesting statistical information respecting the sanitary state of the army.

The Queen, acting under the advice of her Ministers, and prompted by a recent address of the House of Commons, has issued a proclamation abolishing the "State" services for the 30th of January, the 29th of May, and the 5th of November. A Bill has been brought in by Mr. Secretary Walpole which has been read a second time, repealing all existing enactments for the observance of the anniversaries of King Charles I.'s Martyrdom, King Charles II.'s Restoration, the Gunpowder Plot, and the landing of King William III., of "glorious, pious, and immortal memory." The schedule annexed to the Bill gives the

titles of these now obsolete Acts; they are the 3rd James I., cap. 1; the 12th Charles II., cap. 14 and cap. 30; the 13th Charles II., cap. 7; the 13th Charles II., cap. 11; and the Act (of the Parliament of Great Britain) 24th of George II., cap. 23, passed for the correction of the calendar, and the adoption—nearly 200 years after Pope Gregory XIII., and the church of Rome—of the "new style" (Anno Dom., 1752). Two Acts of the (extinct) Parliament of Ireland are also repealed; these are the 14th and 15th of Charles II., cap. 1, and the 14th and 15th of Charles II., cap. 23. The latter Act enjoins the keeping and celebration of the 23rd of October as "an anniversary thanksgiving" in this kingdom. On the 23rd of October (1642) was fought the memorable but indecisive battle of Edgehill—the first engagement between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians; but we cannot undertake to say that this is the occasion referred to by the Irish Act. One of the English Acts is entitled, "An Act for the attainting of several persons guilty of the horrid murder (sic) of his late Sacred Majesty King Charles I." And thus, in future, there will be no ecclesiastical "reminders" of the 30th of January, the 29th of May, or the 5th of November, although, so long as there are boys to be amused, there is little chance of poor old "Guy" being consigned to oblivion, how little soever people may care for the landing of William III. at Torbay "for the deliverance of our church and nation," as the Prayer-book hath it in the service for the 5th of November.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 9th February.

THE thing that creates the most curious sensation perhaps of all here, just now, is the extraordinary tone of the Emperor's speech. At last, I do think, I can perceive in this naturally servile, and most completely enslaved race, some slight signs of vexation at being treated so absolutely like so many naughty little boys that an indignant schoolmaster has graciously abstained from flogging all round. "How comes it," says his most glorious majesty, "that the public mind has been agitated, when I was there to keep everything in proper order? . . . It really would almost seem as if you had all of you forgotten my judgment, my cleverness, my wisdom, my moderation," &c. The French nation, represented by its complaisant deputies, is admonished as the underlings of some Turkish administration might be by the most magnificent three-tailed Bashaw ever imagined. One really would fancy that the hero of the miserable attempts of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and whose only successful campaign was the *coup d'état* of 1851,—one would really fancy this man was the hero of more battles than his uncle, and more surely descended from Jupiter than Louis XIV.; for, throughout the lives of either Louis XIV. or the First Napoleon, it would be impossible to find any address to any portion of the nation marked with such extravagant and absurd inflation as this Throne speech of the day before yesterday. It is a worthy continuation of those phenomenal articles in the ministerial papers of last autumn, in which the public was called upon to admire the "heroic calmness" with which the Emperor commanded the military manoeuvres and mimic wars of the Camp of Châlons! It would be singularly ludicrous, if it were not singularly afflicting, to witness the deep degree of abasement to which a whole nation can be reduced.

The Empire is out of luck just now. Whilst the Emperor tries to bully his subjects into believing he has not got them into a mess, her Majesty, Empress Eugénie, loses a feminine battle by his side. Why she should be so particularly ill-attired on the first occasion on which she showed herself in public with her new cousin, it would be difficult to say; but that she came off second best is perfectly certain. The dress and bonnet were all very well; but there was in the shawl which swathed her round a prevalence of red and gold that was peculiarly unbecoming to her. People with hair that is *blond risqué*, ought

to be very careful of certain discords of colour that produce far worse effects than the wearers have any notion of. The Empress's hair harmonises with no shade of red but one—the deep, intense, heavy crimson, that is all but purple; against all the varieties of sharp red, under which you hear at once the shrill outcry of the underlying yellow, those locks of hers rebel. Now, the tone of her shawl the other day was precisely one of these tints of red that do not suit her, and combined with the broad daylight, and the immediate presence of the Princess Clotilde, the effect was disastrous, and the Empress, I repeat it, came off irretrievably, incontestably, second best. The Princess Clotilde's *toilette* might have been more perfect, too, for rose colour is not the most favourable for her; but her "sixteen summers" will naturally carry off a good deal; and it so happened that the day before yesterday the Empress actually acted as a foil to her new relative. This was the universal remark; and this first battle between the Tuileries and the Palais Royal is decidedly won by the latter in a manner not to be disputed.

The hair of the young Piedmontese princess is also open to some criticism, or perhaps I should rather say, to some slight feeling of surprise to those who are not used to the warm colouring of the old Italian painters. It is of that extraordinary tint that two artists only produce in perfection, Titian and—Nature, who flings it daintily over the leaves of her woods in autumn. But what sets off this hair of russet brown to the most wonderful advantage is, the creamy whiteness of the skin. Fancy life breathed into marble. Italian women perhaps alone, of all others in the world, ever possess this close-grained, even, velvet-like skin, over whose soft surface a normal, healthy pallor is spread, that resembles nothing so much as the petal of the magnolia blossom. These skins, when they exist as they often do in Italian women, endure almost as long as the marble they look so like. No artifice suits, or could be successful with them; pearl-white would turn blue or grey near them, and rouge, of no matter what nuance, waxes yellow. This is another of the advantages of the Princess Clotilde; she can stand the indiscreet glare of the sun in broadest noon, whilst her Imperial Majesty defends her fair face against his imperious rays by all the devices with which a Parisian lady's *cabinet de toilette* is so well provided.

The arrival of the princely bride, however, was the signal for a small internal dissension, that has served to amuse very much the inmates of the Palais Royal. Old King Jérôme is a sturdy stickler for no end of attentions which he conceives ought to be paid to him and those of his family by the Emperor. For some private reasons, well known I suppose to himself (though not better known than to all those about him), the son of Queen Hortense has on many occasions allowed "mine uncle" to assert such influence over him, that the latter is sometimes anything but easy to deal with; and some of a remarkably lively description often break the monotony of the habitual life at the Tuileries. Well, King Jérôme had taken it into his head that his son and daughter-in-law should be met at Fontainebleau by the Emperor and Empress. He propounded this to the "Sphinx of the Seine,"—as the witty M. de B. borrowing his wit from M. de Punch, has surmised the present Sovereign of France,—and got for his answer what Louis Napoleon always gives in such cases: a mumble, accompanied by a slow lazy shaking of the moustache. As usual, also, Louis Napoleon got his council of ministers to declare that it was quite impossible he should "go to meet" Prince Napoleon and his Piedmontese wife; that it would be ill-constructed throughout all Europe, if he did so, &c. And this reason His Majesty in turn adduced to his venerable uncle, to explain why he would not go to Fontainebleau to meet Plon-Plon. So far, so good; but instead of dining at the Tuileries, where a gala dinner had been prepared, the bride and bridegroom, after passing ten minutes only at the Palace, drove off to King Jérôme's, left the grand official dinner

planted *là*, and partook of a "family repast" with their own private papa. Instead of the mountain going to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain, for in the evening the Emperor and Empress came to pay a visit to the Princess Clotilde. So much for etiquette! But this is not all.

The Germans have a very pretty word, "*neben-zweige*," to designate the small offshooting branches of trees; those irregular boughs which, though they do spring from the main stem, are all the better for being got rid of. Now, the genealogical tree of the house of Bonaparte is particularly troubled with this sort of underwood, and the "*neben-zweige*" are to be found everywhere around Napoleon III. A rather large offshoot is M. de Morny, who once, some five years ago, dreamed of becoming heir to the throne of France by letters patent, and who has never been able to tolerate his Imperial Highness Plon-Plon either before or since. The equality of virtue of these two respectable personages may at first seem to you an earnest of cordiality between them; but though the sum of their morality may be the same, the manner is quite different, and hence the hitch. Whilst M. de Morny is a perfect model of elegant corruption, who, if committing the most heinous crime, would observe all the rules of politeness; his rival seems to think vice imperfect, if its form be not coarse. M. de Morny is bland and supple-jointed in the extreme, and Plon-Plon is what Burns called a "rough in-kneed kind of soul." Accordingly, as I said, this manner of their morality will not agree, and so they cordially hate each other. Besides this, they are for ever trying to get the Emperor to themselves; Plon-Plon pulls him on to war because he is bent on ruling somewhere, and obtaining a crown in Italy; M. de Morny fetters him to peace, because he is mixed up in every possible industrial speculation, and is always in want of money. The Emperor's flatterers say he takes both these men in, and employs one to dupe the other; but those who know him better, say he is alternately led by each, according as he is most afraid of ruin or of the Mazzinian stilettoes. A very celebrated caricaturist here showed me the other day, in the strictest secrecy, a sketch he had made, of the final trio in *Robert le Diable*, in which M. de Morny disguised as *Alice*, and Plon-Plon in the costume of *Bertram* are tugging at the luckless Emperor till cracks are apparent in every part of his armour. I presume, if this illustration of contemporary history in France were seized, and brought home to its author, Cayenne would be judged too comfortable a place for him; the more, too, that the caricature itself is one of the most admirable ones I ever saw. Morny, as *Alice*, is inimitable, and holds out a great sheet of paper, which represents the will of Queen Hortense, emblazoned all over the margin with locomotives, money bags, agricultural implements, and shares in innumerable railways, &c. Plon-Plon, on the contrary, is attired as an Italian conspirator, bristling with daggers and pistols, and holding in his left hand one of Orsini's hand grenades with which he threatens Louis Napoleon, exclaiming, "*Robert! et ton serment!*" The middle figure (that of the Emperor) is not the least curious. Under the various cracks visible in his armour, you read the several causes of his perplexities. Under one *Le Carbonarisme*, under another *La Banqueroute*; under a third, *La Presse*; under a fourth, *Le corps d'état*, and so on through the list of all Louis Napoleon's causes of trouble. I assure you this caricature is one of the cleverest things I have ever seen; and as its author showed it me, we could not help both saying, "If only it could be exposed for one half hour at the windows of ten print-shops in Paris!" If it were so, the present ruler of France would never get over the blow that would be dealt him. However, to return to the rivalries of the *neben-zweige*. M. de Morny was resolved not to swell the triumph of Plon-Plon and his real Princess by his own and his wife's presence, and therefore he staid away from the ceremonies of the first reception and from those of the grand official dinner at the Tuileries, pretexting illness, and only recovering his health

in time to preside at the opening of the Legislative Chamber.

The theatrical and literary world has rarely seen its thermometer so utterly "down at zero" as within the last few weeks. Nothing has appeared in the way of books save a mortally heavy octavo of the Count de Marcellus on M. de Chateaubriand, which, considering the author was a candidate for the honours of the Academy, may be regarded as an act of perfectly extraordinary abnegation. The theatres, however, promise largely for next month; we are to have Gounod's opera of *Faust*, David's one of *Herculeanum*, and Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. It would be unfair not to notice a really droll little piece produced at the Palais Royal, under the title of *Ma nièce et mon ours*. The author, under the name of M. Frascati, is no other than the rich banker M. Millaud, who, before his millions, was a vaudevillist, and seems determined to be so after. If M. Salan's promised pieces are no worse, there is here a very tolerable commencement to the *Littérature Millionnaire* in contradistinction to the *Littérature Bohème*.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

- MON.** Royal Academy of Arts, 8 P.M. Mr. Westmacott, R.A. "On Sculpture."
- Royal Geographical Society, 8.30 P.M. 1. Aurora Borealis in Greenland, by J. W. Tayler, Esq. 2. Discovery by Capt. Palliser, F.R.G.S., and Dr. Hector of Practicable passes through the Rocky Mountains within the British Possessions, &c. &c.
- South Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Mr. J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., "On Ancient Greek Painted Pottery."
- TUES.** Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Owen "On Fossil Mammals."
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8 P.M. Discussion upon Mr. Jameson's Paper "On the Performances of the Screw Steam-ship 'Sahel,' fitted with Du Tremblay's Combined Vapour Engine, and of the Sister ship 'Oasis,' with steam-engines worked expansively, and provided with Partial Surface Condensation."
- Statistical Society, 8 P.M. Electoral Statistics of England and Wales. Part II. By Mr. Newmarch.
- Architectural Photographic Association, Lecture "On Venice."
- WED.** Royal Society of Literature, 4.30 P.M.
- Society of Arts, 8 P.M. Mr. Harry Chester, "On the Society of Arts' Union of Institutions, and the Examinations connected therewith."
- Architectural Museum, South Kensington Museum, 8 P.M. Mr. Octavius Hudson, "On the system of applying Colour to Architecture; deduced from examples especially of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."
- United Service Institution, 3 P.M. Mr. F. A. Abel, Director of the Chemical Establishment of the War Department, "On Gunpowder; its Nature and Effects as compared with those of other Explosive Bodies; its Composition and Decomposition."
- THURS.** Royal Society, 8.30 P.M. Mr. H. Dobell, "On the Influence of White Light, of the different coloured Rays, and of Darkness, on the Development, Growth, and Nutrition of Plants." Dr. S. Scott Allison, "On the Intensification of Sound through Solid Bodies by the Interposition of Water between them and the distal Extremity of Hearing Tubes." Dr. Hofmann, "Researches on the Phosphorus Bases. IV. Diphosphonium Compounds."
- Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."
- Society of Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
- Linnean Society, 8 P.M. Papers to be read at the next Meeting:—1. Professor Huxley, "On the Structure of the Integument in the *Oreodonta*." 2. Mr. Macdonald, "On the anatomical character of a remarkable form of compound *Tunicata*." 3. Mr. Macdonald, "On the anatomical characters of an Australian species of *Perophora*." 4. Mr. Walker, "On *Heterocerous Lepidoptera*, collected by Mr. Wallace at Singapore."
- FRI.** Royal Institution, 8.30 P.M. Somerville Scott Alison, M.D., "On certain Auditory Phenomena."
- United Service Institution, 3 P.M. Dr. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D., "On the Spirit of Muhammedanism and Muhammedans in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Bokhara, and Afghanistan, with reference to the present War in India."
- Geological Society, 1 P.M. Anniversary Address by Professor J. Phillips, Pres. G.S.
- SAT.** Royal Institution, 3 P.M. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."
- Royal Asiatic Society, 2 P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday evening, Feb. 9th. Mr. William Hawes, Member of Council, in

the chair. The paper read was "On the Utilisation of Waste Substances," by Mr. P. S. Simmonds. After stating that, in his opinion, the subject in its collective form had not received that attention which its importance demands, the author said that he would group the various waste substances of which he was about to speak, under the three general divisions of animal, vegetable, and mineral. After noticing a large number of animal substances which were utilised in some way or other, he passed to the consideration of the important subject of finding a substitute for guano, remarking that fish, the source of guano, naturally suggested itself. The waste-material trade of London and other large towns, in worn-out garments and rags, was brought under consideration, which led to the discussion of the infinite variety of matter used in the manufacture of paper—a subject which he treated at some length. Passing to vegetable substances, the employment of the refuse of cotton formed a prominent feature. Waste lead and such similar substances, it appeared, were used very largely in Paris for making tooth-powder, &c. The care taken in collecting valuable waste metal was then described, as well as a mode for recovering metallic tin from waste tin plate, by which a considerable saving was effected.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—General Monthly Meeting, Monday, February 7. William Pole, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the chair. The Earl of Ashburnham, John Derby Allcroft, Esq., Capt. Augustus T. Hamilton, and Mrs. M. A. Newman Smith, were duly elected members of the Royal Institution. Geo. F. Chambers, Esq., was admitted a member of the Royal Institution. The presents received since the last Meeting were laid on the table, and the thanks of the members returned for the same.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Wednesday, Feb. 3rd. Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, K.C.B., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Vaux read a paper "On the recent Researches of C. T. Newton, Esq., in Asia Minor," in which he pointed out the value of the great cargo of sculpture which Mr. Newton had sent home to the British Museum within the last month. These monuments consist of the supplementary collection from the ruins of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; of a very curious collection of statues belonging to a remote period of antiquity, from Branchida, near Miletus; and of a colossal lion, and several minor fragments of statues, inscriptions, &c., from Cnidus. The Mausoleum sculptures include portions of the wheel of the Quadriga, which once stood at the top of the structure, together with a large and miscellaneous collection, likely to be of great value and interest to architects. The statues from Branchida, consisting of a series of figures from what was called the Sacred Way, are perhaps the oldest Greek sculptures which have been discovered. Mr. Vaux was disposed to place some of them as early as B.C. 570, and other gentlemen who were present argued for a considerably more remote antiquity. The lion from Cnidus is the most remarkable of Mr. Newton's late acquisitions, measuring as it does more than nine feet in length by about six feet in height. It is carved in Perian marble, and exhibits the finest style of the best period of Greek Art. Mr. Newton discovered, at the same time, the tomb of which this lion had been the ornament. This tomb has been originally a square structure, containing a central chamber, and supported on each side by Doric columns of great strength and solidity. On the top of this building had been a low pyramid, and above this the lion in a recumbent attitude. The whole has probably been thrown down by an earthquake. After the paper a discussion took place, in which Sir H. C. Rawlinson, Sir C. Fellows, and Messrs. Westmacott, Adam White, and E. Oldfield took part.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—Jan. 26th. James Heywood, F.R.S., F.S.A., Vice-president in the chair. George Edward Wentworth, Esq., of Woolley Park, Wakefield, George

Frederick Gubbins, Esq., of Soho Square, and Frank B. Macdonald, Esq., of Elm Place, Brompton, were elected Associates. Thanks were given to the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire for their present of the tenth volume of their Transactions, and to Mr. G. A. Cape for a series of rubbings of brasses from Herne Church, Kent, also one of Sir Robert Setfens at Chatham in Kent. Mr. Pettigrew exhibited, by permission of the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, an exquisite Japan box inlaid with gold, having inscribed on the inner surface of the lid an enamel miniature (it was conjectured) of the Marquis de Choiseul, executed by Petitot. This box, of a globular shape, and measuring three inches in diameter, by two in height, was formerly in a collection of Mr. Beckford, who obtained it of the Chevalier Denon. Mr. Zanzi also exhibited a box with fine large miniatures by Petitot of Queen Christina of Sweden, holding a globe in her left hand. Within the box was a memorandum: *Donné a bon Escien par mon amy Petitot qui a peint cette portraiture en l'année, 1662.* Lady Dillon exhibited a gold box finely enamelled, having also a beautiful female portrait. This was of the time of Louis Seize. Mr. Gunston exhibited five Roman fibulae, one of which, found at York, was an elegant variety of the cruciform shape. The others were severally obtained from Watling Street, Cannon Street, and Copenhagen fields. Mr. Wilkes exhibited two fine locks of the reign of Charles I. Mr. Syer Cumming exhibited a medal of Queen Christina, struck at Rome in 1675. Mr. Hornam Fisher produced a silver ring of the 16th century, found in Suffolk, on which was graven a branch of orpine. Mr. George Vere Irving read a paper "On Treasure Trove," upon which a discussion ensued, the thanks of the meeting voted to the author, and the essay ordered to be immediately printed and communicated to Lord Talbot de Malahide, who has a bill in the House of Lords on the subject, and such other Members of Parliament as take an interest in such a question.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—Thursday, Jan. 27. W. S. Vaux, President, in the chair. Mr. Vaux read a paper communicated by R. S. Poole, Esq., "On a Coin of Mallas in Cilicia recently acquired by the British Museum," in which Mr. Poole states that it is one of extreme rarity, and, in all probability, unique. It may be described as follows: *obv.* Minerva seated to the left, holding a spear in her right hand, and resting her left upon a shield; *rev.* MAA (for MAASTRON). Mercury standing, and holding in right hand Caduceus, and to his right Venus, also standing, with her hand on his shoulder, and her left arm resting on a column. Weight 159.8 grains. The art of this coin is fine in character, and delicately, though somewhat hardly treated. Had it belonged to Greece Proper or to Western Asia Minor, it might be referred to the age of Phidias, but we have not sufficient knowledge as yet of the art of the Cilician and Pamphylian cities to speak with certainty. This, however, is probably not later than B.C. 400. It may be compared with the beautiful money of Celenderis, which, as a series, is perhaps the finest in Asia Minor.

GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION.—Tuesday, Feb. 8th. The second meeting was held at St. Martin's Hall, the Rev. T. Wiltshire, M.A., V.P., in the chair, when Mr. Hyde Clarke delivered an address on the organisation of a geological survey by means of the members of the Association, for the purpose of continuing those portions of the government survey already mapped out, and of assisting in the portions not yet executed. He referred to the advantages of geology as a homely and social pursuit, which can be enjoyed by an expenditure of time and labour, and to the share which women have taken in geological investigations. He named Lady Murchison and Lady Lyell as co-operating with their distinguished husbands, to the collection of the Wiltshire fossils by Miss Benett; of those of the Hampshire tertiary strata by the Marchioness of Hastings; of those of Hordwell by Miss Bemister and Mary Anning, a guide; of those of the Suffolk crags by Mrs. Cob-

bold. Mr. Clarke urged the formation of a committee of the Association, and of local sections, a committee each with its secretary and reporter. The broad outlines of the formations have alone been laid down on our maps as yet, and it yet remains to complete those delineations by further discoveries, as those for instance of the Cleveland formations, and of that of lias lately made near Carlisle. In time he hoped that the little survey maps of the townships and parishes would be by the members filled up with minute geological details. Each section should draw up a yearly report on its district, which should embrace:—Additions to the surveys and maps, resulting from more minute classification and local researches; the announcement of new minerals, and particularly such as are suitable for agricultural manures, buildings, materials for manufacture, and mining; discoveries of fossils; account of all operations which have penetrated the surface as mines, quarries, wells, pits, railway and road cuttings, tunnels, landslips, &c., which will afford many matters of record; observations on the wells, springs, and subterranean strata of water; thermal observations on the surface and in mine shafts, and of superficial and subterranean waters; electro-magnetic observations on mineral lodes, an important branch of study, for which as yet there have been but limited opportunities; records of earthquakes in particular districts, as those of Comrie by Mr. Drummond; all phenomena affecting the surface, as the erosion of the shores, a matter of deep interest on our eastern coasts, and new depositions; the record of the like river operations, of recent abrasion on the mountains, of boulders, glacier scratches, ancient abrasions, water-worn surfaces and footstep; the effect of agricultural operations, as the removal of water by drainage, mixture of soils and alteration of colour, removal or extension of woods, &c.; the results of special inquiries into the properties of the building stones of the district, or of searches for metals, minerals, fuel, manures, raw materials, or building substances, found elsewhere in analogous formations. From these local reports would be drawn up the general report of the Geologists' Association, exhibiting the progress of our knowledge of the geology of these islands. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Macleise, P. L. Simmonds, W. Bollert, Byerley, and Beaumont took part.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, February 8. Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair. The secretary read a paper by Dr. Kaup, containing a description of a new species of fish, which was named *Peristethus Rieffeli*. Mr. Gould exhibited and described a new species of *Odontophorus*, discovered in Ecuador by Mr. Fraser, and which he named *O. erythropus*. Mr. Gould exhibited and described a species of *Rupicola* from Ecuador, which he considered new, and for which he proposed the name of *R. sanguinolenta*. Mr. Gould also exhibited and described a new species of *Dendrochelidon*, or Tree-swift, discovered by Mr. Wallace in Macassar, to which he gave the name of *D. Wallacei* in honour of its discoverer. Mr. Gould next read a paper containing a list of birds from the Falkland islands, with descriptions of the eggs of some of the species. Included in the list was a specimen of a gull, which, with some degree of hesitation, Mr. Gould described as new, under the name of *Gavia roseigaster*. The hind toes of this, the only specimen Mr. Gould had ever seen, were well developed, but entirely destitute of nails. Mr. Gould also exhibited a specimen of *Cyrtophaga Brasiliensis*, a native of Brazil, forwarded to him by Mr. Stone of Bournemouth, which was shot in October last at Bampton, Oxfordshire, whilst in company with a flock of sparrows. It had in all probability been brought to this country caged, but had evidently molted since obtaining its freedom. The Secretary read a paper by Mr. G. R. Gray, on *Oothoe*, a new genus of goat-sucker, and a new species of *Enicurus*, both from the Darjeeling, in the collection of B. H. Hodgson, Esq., Corr. Mem. Z. S. The following were the names given to the species: *O. Hodgsoni*, and *E. nigrifrons*.

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FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS year's exhibition is certainly not above the level of recent years, and is certainly therefore much below the level of years long past. Once upon a time we could always reckon on seeing at the British Institution some of the smaller, but not necessarily, therefore, the least beautiful pictures of Turner, Wilkie, Landseer, Ety, Eastlake, Mulready, Stanfield, Creswick, and their compeers. Now our more eminent painters never contribute, and comparatively few of those who have their hands on the higher rounds of the ladder. They reserve their efforts for the Academy, and have given up the British Institution to their younger and less fortunate brethren. But the younger men of promise do not enter into possession. We continually hear of the difficulty experienced by young artists in coming fairly before the public eye, and yet here, where so favourable an opportunity is offered, they seem loth to put forward their best efforts.

If this exhibition is to be regarded—as it ought to be—as an indication of the attainments and artistic promise of our rising painters, it would indeed be a saddening exhibition. In the higher branches of art—in religious art, history, poetry, imagination—our young men make scarcely an effort, and assuredly none that offers evidence of intellectual power or original thought. They do not appear to deem it necessary fairly to grapple with a new subject as an author would, for example, who respected himself and respected the public. They do not venture to think out a theme for themselves as Hogarth did in actual daily English life, as Bida has just done in the religious life of the Oriental peoples, as Rosa Bonheur showed might be done even among domestic animals. Our young artists continue repeating the old subjects, and treating them in the old way: looking rather to what others have done and are doing, than looking out into the world for themselves. What there is of good in the present display is the work of men who have already won their spurs. Yet mediocre as are the pictures, they are the pickings of more than thrice their number. Five hundred are hung, considerably over a thousand were returned "for want of room." If the selection were, as we have no reason to doubt, fairly made, it would have been well to make an exhibition somewhere else of the rejected pictures as what our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic term "a caution."

There being in all only three or four examples of "high art," we may as well, unfortunately as they are, dispose of them before proceeding to the genre and landscape paintings which form the staple of the exhibition. The largest of these—shall we call it a piece of contemporary history?—is No. 538, Sir George Hayter's 'Christening of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the Chapel Royal, Windsor,' an acre of canvas covered over with Queen and Prince, grand-dukes and ambassadors, archbishops and bishops, dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, chamberlains and gold sticks, pages and ladies-in-waiting, stars and garters, robes and jewels, wax-work faces and padded forms, all seen through a very hazy atmosphere, and altogether making a picture which only a Court-circular pen could adequately describe. Had it been a royal commission we could of course understand why such a picture was painted, and why in such a way. But it is for sale, and therefore a speculation. Some years ago a singularly loyal subject bequeathed his fortune to her Majesty: if he have left his like behind, the painter may indeed hope to find a purchaser willing to give the thousand guineas he asks for this royal christening, else we fear his labour will have been spent in vain. An ordinary mortal, however deep may be his devotion to the throne, will hardly be likely to purchase so costly and cumbersome a demonstration of his loyalty.

Another huge piece of contemporary history, and as huge a mistake, though in a different way, is No. 488, 'The Escape, India,' by Marshall Claxton—a work suggestive only of sickening

thoughts, and painted in utter defiance of all probability. Mr. Gilbert has at any rate avoided the cold formal look of these "historical" pictures, in his Shaksperian theme, No. 66, 'Sir John Falstaff examines the "half dozen of sufficient men" provided for him by Robert Shallow, Esquire,' which is a gay rollicking picture enough, but one that will not, we fear, win its author much fame. Mr. Gilbert has been too long making rough hasty designs for woodcuts in the cheap journals to retain the freshness and power requisite to work out a Shaksperian picture on such a scale as this. Indeed, he has plainly set about it as though he were merely going to draw a rude block sketch, hardly giving himself time to glance over his text, much less to study the characters. Falstaff is a mere vulgar reveller, with no humour lurking in his eye, no trace of intellect in his countenance; and Feeble, who is under examination, is almost in the last stage of senility, his bent knees shaking under him, quite unlike one who, if he would not fight, could "run off swiftly" in a retreat. But the picture altogether lacks thought, and is without a spark of refinement,—carelessly drawn and loosely painted. Yet there are passages in it which show that the painter is capable of better things; and with all its coarse contrasts and unbroken hues one cannot but feel that with a happier training Mr. Gilbert might have become a colourist.

With very different feelings, yet with equal regret, do we examine No. 453, 'The Birth of a Pyramid, an attempt to realise an Egyptian tradition.' Mr. Gilbert scarcely seems to have bestowed a thought or spent half-an-hour in research upon his picture; and it has evidently been executed as hurriedly as it was conceived. Mr. Hopley, the painter of this Egyptian tradition, has gone to the other extreme. He has gathered from all sources the minutest information on the peculiarities of the Egyptian and Assyrian, and neighbouring African and Asiatic, races in order to render them contributory to his picture; and probably for every face and garment, every jewel and weapon, for the architectural forms and details, for the colour on the walls and the pattern of the carpet, and indeed for all the various accessories and paraphernalia, he could adduce a satisfactory authority; and then every portion is most elaborately worked out: in all we understand a good part of three years' labour has been expended upon this not very large picture. It is impossible not to respect so much diligence and conscientious effort; yet it is impossible not to see that it has been labour sadly misapplied. What is there in an Egyptian tradition that one of the Pyramids was raised by the contributions of a block of granite from each of the aspirants to the hand of an Egyptian princess, that should render it a subject suitable for an elaborate painting in the middle of this busy nineteenth century? It is called a pictorial satire, but the satire is so subtle that not one spectator in a hundred we suspect will feel its point. Only the rarest genius could give vitality to such a theme, only the greatest artistic power could render it a pleasing picture.

But it is time we turned to less ambitious works. And now we may give the precedence to the few Academicians who exhibit. Mr. Roberts has two works—by no means worthy of his fame. No. 26, 'Chapel in the Cathedral of St. Mark, Venice,' would perhaps pass muster as a sketch in oil, but as a picture it is intolerable. The architectural forms are blocked-out in the most slovenly way, while the details are the merest suggestions, and often very inaccurate. A stream of red light along the wall and floor, and enveloping the figures in the background, is as offensive as it is utterly inexplicable. The same roseate hue is repeated in No. 173, 'Remains of the Roman Forum,' but there we see at once what it is produced by, though when such a hue is brightening only the dome of St. Peter's, the upper walls of the Coliseum and the summits of the loftier columns we cannot but think that the lower part of the city would have been wrapped in a deeper gloom: at any rate, there would not have been seen that peculiar and very unpleasant greenish drab, which is spread over

the lower half of this picture. And here we have again the wilful disregard of all truthfulness of detail, which we noted in the cathedral of St. Mark.

The other Academicians, Messrs. A. Cooper, Redgrave, and Jones, have only 'A Hack Stable,' 'A Sand-pit,' and a couple of sketches, which for the sake of old memories may be passed by without remark.

Of Associates' works there is not much to say. Mr. Frost has a replica in small of his 'L'Allegro,' with its bevy of graceful half-clad ladies, bright in colour, smooth in finish, and altogether extremely pretty in its conventional way. Mr. E. W. Cooke has a very small but highly-finished picture 'Bragozzi—Fishing Craft of Venice off the Giardini Publici,' not quite agreeable in colour, and as absolutely without atmosphere as a painted photograph. Mr. T. S. Cooper has a small 'Meadow Scene,' with cows standing in the water—timid, gray and cold.

The rest of the pictures we may as well take pretty much as they come in their numerical order. In No. 1, 'Sardis,' by Harry Johnson, we see the fallen city by the purple light of the setting sun. The picture exhibits much poetic feeling; the parts are well balanced; and the lofty columns—the most ancient Ionic columns in existence—rear their capitals grandly against the pale evening sky. For the most part the picture is well-painted, but the foreground herbage is coarse, and of a very unnatural green. The incident of the wolves crawling stealthily among the ruins, and surprising the scared wild-fowl, suggests well the desolate loneliness of the dead city. The chief drawback from the picture is that it so much resembles those made-up pictures of such places we are accustomed to see in French exhibitions and French prints, that we are tempted to ask whether Mr. Johnson could have studied his picture on the site itself? His other picture, No. 478, 'Early Morning on the Lake of the Four Cantons,' is much less successful: harsh in colour and conventional in arrangement.

It would hardly be possible to doubt that a picture which occupies the corresponding post to the 'Sardis,' over the fireplace at the opposite end of the gallery, No. 489, 'The Pyramids at Sunrise,' by Frank Dillon, was studied on the spot. It is in truth a noble picture of a noble subject. We feel at once that we are in an eastern atmosphere. The bases of the Pyramids are enveloped in the thick morning mist, while the rays of the rising sun gild their apexes. The head of the great Sphinx stands out massively in the foreground. It would serve as a useful lesson on the value and the limits of photography to compare this thoughtful painting with Mr. Frith's very beautiful photograph of the same scene. Mr. Dillon's other picture (73), 'The Granite Sanctuary, Karnak,' may be true to the scene, but is not satisfactory as a painting.

Mr. Penley's 'Place where Lovers oft have met' (No. 4), is a bit of very flaccid sentiment. Mr. Buckner's 'Salterello Romano' (No. 18), and Mr. Duke's 'Bird's Nest,' both display very considerable cleverness, but in both the peasants are strangely "idealised," and Mr. Buckner's canvas is far too large for his subject.

Mr. Sidney Percy has in his 'Peep of the Sea near Fairlight Glen' (25), painted a more agreeable transcript from nature than we have seen for some time from his hand—truer, quieter, and chaster. 'Clontarf Roads, Dublin Bay' (No. 21), by E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., is also a pleasant unassuming view of a very lovely spot, but it is more chalky in the picture than the reality appeared to us: and the same may be said of his 'Fresh Gale, Dalkey Sound' (No. 224). Mr. Holland's 'Inver Canoch, Invernesshire' (No. 37), is a very loose and sketchy view of a not particularly interesting mountain valley, spanned by a most substantial rainbow. More in his usual manner and admirable as blots of colour are his 'Basilica S. Marco' (No. 98), and 'St. Lawrence, Rotterdam,' but to take rank as pictures they require far more definition. Mr. Holland has been so petted by his admirers, that he seems hardly conscious that his mannerism can be wrong, and fancies that it

matters little however slight and affected a work may be so that it be his.

The 'Lago Maggiore' (No. 57), and the 'Lago di Garda' (496), of Mr. Hering, are very elegant pictures, but Mr. Hering has been so long painting these same unruffled Italian lakes and calm blue skies that we find it hard to tell, when we see one, whether we have not seen it or its brother a score times before, and so pass on to the next. Equally in danger of being stranded when the tide recedes, is another artist who, like Mr. Hering, having attained a certain measure of success, has rested content therewith, forgetting that in Art there is no abiding place: that the artist must go forward, or be left behind. A few years ago Mr. Henry Jutsum took rank among the most promising of our young landscape painters. He had some peculiarities, but he looked at nature for himself. His pictures in this exhibition 'An English Valley' (No. 44), 'The Ayr at Catrine' (281), and a 'Scotch Glen' (526), are unmistakably products of the painting-room, conventional in the forms, no less than in the treatment—pictures manufactured for the Art-Union market.

Very unfortunate also is Mr. Ansdell in the pictures he has sent here. Leaving his oxen, sheep, and dogs, he has in 'Dos Amigos' (50) ventured upon a phase of Spanish life; but it is so palpable an imitation of Phillip's Spanish *majo* and *maja*—without the life and humour which irradiate their countenances or the warm Spanish sun that brightens their gay costumes—as to necessitate uncomfortable comparisons. More in his own line is No. 347, 'Isla Mayor, Banks of Guadalquivir,' in which the cattle are very well grouped and painted, though with less freedom than in some former works. But the water is certainly not water; and we cannot understand how it is that the horizontal line being so much above the cattle, and of course the spectators being above them too, not a bit of the top of their backs is visible.

No. 40, 'Interior of a Cabaret, Quimperle, Brittany,' E. A. Goodall, might well have been mistaken for an early work of F. Goodall, so strong is the family likeness. Better and more self-reliant is No. 54, 'Hush!' by A. Provis, a cottage interior, with a mother rocking her infant to sleep, and checking the prattle of an older child. But Mr. Provis has a more charming little interior (280), 'The Orphans,' a lassie watching complacently the movements of a brood of chickens she has just supplied with their meal. But pretty as they are, Mr. Provis has done at least as well before; and there is something about both his subjects and style which should warn him to beware of falling into mere prettiness of thought and manner.

More to our mind for these homely subjects is the mode of treatment adopted by Mr. Joseph Clark in his 'Cottage Door' (No. 398). Nothing can be more simple than the subject, nothing more unaffected than the way in which it is treated. A mechanic is leaning against the door of his cottage, tickling his chubby baby under its chin with the end of his pipe. The child is crowing merrily in its mother's arms; father and mother are quietly enjoying its mirth. There is no exaggeration, no sentimentalism; it is just such a scene as you may see any sunshiny evening outside a cottage door, painted as Burns or Bloomfield might have described it.

With this may be compared another scene of humble life, but of its sorrows not its sunshine, (No. 179), 'The Home of the Mountaineer,' by Frank Wyburd, illustrating Rogers's lines:

"Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe,—her only one,—look out
The way he went at parting."

The sad expression of the wife, hoping against hope, is rendered with exquisite pathos and refinement (some may think with too much refinement for the wife of a poor Tyrolean), but indeed her whole figure is equally refined and expressive, as is also that of her child. Before a crucifix is hung a lantern, which it is easy to see is meant by the poor woman—her brain half turned by nursing her sorrow in that lonely hut—for a guiding light to him she is never again to behold alive. The

double light on her face from the moon and the lamp is very happily given; so are the pearly greys of the moonlight on the mountains; and indeed the whole is most delicately painted. Not quite so successful perhaps, but still very charming, is another little picture by the same painter, 'Zorahaya;' but there is danger, Mr. Wyburd, in lingering too long over wives and maidens gazing at the moon.

Neither Mr. Clark nor Mr. Wyburd is a new hand; but both are young, and if we were asked who among the young painters of *genre* had evinced most promise here, we should certainly name them, and with them Mr. Levin, whose rendering of Longfellow's lines:

"She can both false and friendly be,
Beware, beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee,—"

displays very unusual ability. The handling shows perhaps a too close study of Meissonier, and the reading of the story is decidedly Gallic; but as the work of a young artist, it is undoubtedly a very clever picture. Another of the more marked successes is the head of a girl, 'Expectancy,' (157), by Mr. J. Sant—a work as rich and glowing, and nearly as harmonious in colour, and painted with as full an impasto, and as genial a feeling, as one of Reynolds' charming children's heads.

Mr. Lance has one of the very best of his fruit pieces—'The Golden Age,' a gathering of all sorts of grapes, peaches, pomegranates, and other luscious fruits, in which, probably, a horticulturist would find some anachronisms as to the kinds of fruit, and their assemblage together, especially in the "golden age," as certainly an antiquary would in respect of the gold vase which occupies the centre of the composition, and some other of the accessories. But Mr. Lance, we know, cares for none of these things, so that he can get a gorgeous mass of colour, and never perhaps was he more successful in doing so than here, and never perhaps was fruit more finely imitated. Equally good in its way, and far more delicate in manipulation, is his little circular 'Fruit piece' (No. 412). And scarcely inferior to Lance's is the 'Fruit' (No. 288) of Mr. Duffield, who follows Lance, as he followed his Dutch prototypes. This imitiveness of Mr. Duffield is indeed almost his only fault. That he need not always set his master's example before his eyes is obvious: in the right-hand corner of this picture, for example, he has painted a twig of red egg-plums fresh plucked from the tree, equal to anything of the kind that was ever done. Another painter of fruit also claims a word of hearty commendation, Miss Stannard, who in two pictures of 'Fruit—painted from Nature' (70 and 129), has shown great taste and skill. She will do well to look at the charming 'Camellias' of Miss Mutrie (No. 355), and learn from her to work with a fuller pencil and a freer hand, and to follow resolutely Nature's teaching. If she do so she may become a fruit painter worthy to rank with the ablest of her contemporaries, whether male or female.

And here, as we must return to the exhibition next week, we may as well for the present break off—giving, as is proper, our last word to the lady.

At Mr. Hogarth's Gallery, No. 5, Haymarket, there has been on view during the last two or three days, and will probably remain two or three days longer, a 'Head of a Female Saint,' painted in wax on a fresco ground, and ascribed—we see no reason to doubt justly—to Raffaele. The face and the arrangement of the hair, which is confined by a braid, bear a considerable resemblance to a head in the Heliodorus, and which is repeated in one or two other of his works. The face is one of great sweetness, refinement, and delicacy; but along with the delicacy there is considerable vigour. It is on a gold ground, but the gold is everywhere painted over, even in the halo which surrounds the head. The flesh is moulded by firm hatching, but the hatching is quite lost at a proper distance, and the flesh-tints are then very pleasing. It was brought from Florence, but we are not acquainted with its early history.

It is now the property of Mr. Travers Cox of Weymouth, who, the ground being much injured, placed it in the hands of Mr. Hogarth to repair and mount. This he has done very skilfully, leaving the face untouched, and surrounding the plaster with a bedding of cork, to preserve it from the effects of variations of temperature; and the admirer of Raffaele will do well to avail himself of the opportunity to see it before it is returned to "the west country." The visitor who is an admirer of Turner as well as Raffaele, will be glad to know that there are just now hanging on the walls of the gallery several early sketches by Turner, in chalk on blue paper, of great power, but strongly reminding one of some of Gainsborough's chalk sketches; a few tinted with washes of a transparent colour, as curiously like some of Girtin's; and others, mere pencil outlines, with verbal memoranda made on the leaves of a pocket-book, like those at Marlborough House, and equally suggestive.

Mr. Disraeli made a statement to the House of Commons on Tuesday evening which sets at rest the rumours and speculations of late as to respecting the arrangements made for the disposal of the Vernon and Turner pictures, and the removal of the Royal Academy from the eastern wing of the National Gallery.

The Royal Academy, it is settled, is to vacate the building in Trafalgar Square. A site has been granted to the Academy for a new building on the grounds of Burlington House, and the Government offered to propose a vote of a sum of money to raise the building; but the Academy preferred to erect the building with their own funds rather than compromise their independence. As, however, it will be connected with other public buildings, the government retains the power to insist that its exterior shall be subordinate to the design of the government structure; the interior is to be left entirely to the disposition of the Academy.

Marlborough House being required in a few months for the use of the Prince of Wales, it was necessary to provide without delay a place for the reception of the Vernon and Turner Collections, till the National Gallery could be prepared to receive them. At first it was proposed to remove them to the building known as Carlton Ride, but as it was found that it would require at least \$3000. to fit that building for their reception, that idea was abandoned, and no other building offering, it was decided to erect a temporary structure for them at South Kensington, adjoining the building which contains the Sheepshanks' pictures. "The result," to quote the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "will be that, I hope, at the end of two years the Royal Academy will be established in their new building on the new site; that the building in Trafalgar Square will be completely devoted to the National collections, including the Turner and Vernon collections; and that there will then be left to the country, for the expenditure which they are now incurring, a building at Kensington which will be of the greatest use to the Government on many occasions and for many purposes when, as all who have had the management of affairs of this kind know, a want of accommodation springs up in an accidental and casual manner, the non-supply of which is of great injury to the public service."

It is impossible not to recognise in this a very sensible arrangement, and one that, while it meets the present difficulty, may open a door to future improvements. The Royal Academy will be thrown more entirely on its own resources, and will be afforded an opportunity, of which it will do well to avail itself, to bring its constitution more into conformity with the altered circumstances of the times. The Vernon and Sheepshanks collections of English paintings will be brought into at least temporary conjunction, and one cannot but hope that it will be seen how valuable a basis they together form for a really national picture gallery—i. e., a gallery of pictures by native painters; and that consequently the result will be the adoption of measures not only to unite them permanently, but to build up with their

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help a Gallery of British art, worthy of the British people. And finally, as we cannot look upon the occupation of the present miserably unsuitable National Gallery in Trafalgar Square as more than a temporary expedient, the arrangement will allow ample opportunity for a thorough reconsideration of the whole subject; and perhaps by the time when the increase of our collections shall have rendered a new National Gallery an absolute necessity, our architects will have learned how to construct a building suitable for the purpose.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The revival of *Louis the Eleventh* places Mr. Kean once more before the public in that character, which more than any other has stamped him as an actor of original resources, and possessing both the will and the ability to carry out a conception with the most elaborate detail. Mr. Kean may be said in the expressive French phrase to have "created" the character of *Louis the Eleventh*, just as completely as though Lugier had never claimed that right in his own country; and not only has he thoroughly identified himself with the part, but he has produced a performance, which, for careful finish and the excellence of well-matured study, has not been equalled in the present day. It is true that the marked and telling effects on which the success of the impersonation depends, are plainly laid out in the text, as the result of deliberate calculation on the part of the author, and therefore do not call for any extraordinary amount of penetration to educe; but it is one thing to see what is intended, and another to execute it. The merit of Mr. Kean's *Louis the Eleventh* is the fidelity with which he has embodied the intentions of the author, down to the most minute shades, in clear and masterly touches, implying no less vigour of imagination than technical ability. The power, too, which is exhibited in this impersonation above all others, of dashing boldly into humourous and even broadly grotesque sallies, and still preserving the main tragic import of the conception, is of the rarest, and failing absolute genius can only belong to the highest order of professional training. The last act in which the abject monster of cruelty, cowardice, and hypocrisy—into which Casimir Delavigne has converted the *Louis the Eleventh* of history—is depicted battling with wild and wilful incredulity against the thought of death, while visibly struggling and fainting within its icy grasp, gives the actor naturally the ascendancy over the author, the exposition of the terrible conflict being for the most part, happily, a physical one. To render so painful a scene interesting, or even to save it from being absolutely repulsive, requires no mean art; yet it cannot be denied that Mr. Kean achieves both ends, and this purely by the colouring characteristically reflecting the entire idea of the personage as derived from the past action, which he throws over the details of this protracted agony. Another important, though subordinate, merit of the performance, is the manner in which, to use green-room jargon, Mr. Kean "gets himself up" for the part. The resemblance he continues to produce in his physiognomy to the portraits of *Louis the Eleventh* is the triumph of this species of art, and a peculiar gait is adopted, which, as there is no tradition to tell us the contrary, we may very well believe to have been his. If, in short, Delavigne has produced one of the cleverest delineations of character which mere stage-craft ever devised, Mr. Kean may be said to equal his author in the amount of executive skill which he has brought to bear upon it.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new farce was produced here on Monday night, by an author whose name we do not remember to have seen before on a playbill—Mr. Thomas Williams. If he be a beginner his career has not commenced with that brilliancy likely to throw a shade over any future attempt, or cause disappointment if it fail to prove unusually smart. The title of this production is

I've written to Browne, and it sets forth the dilemmas of a Mr. Peregrine Dobbs (played by Mr. Lewis Ball), arising from his marrying one lady immediately after making passionate love to another, without having previously entered into the necessary explanation with father. The jilted lady is a widow, Mrs. Walsingham (Mrs. Leigh Murray), and the faithless Peregrine engages a friend, a melodramatic writer, Mr. Othea Sheridan Browne (Mr. George Vining), to employ his imaginative faculties in amusing her with a variety of inventions to postpone discovery. The widow is, however, fully aware of the state of things, but takes the matter philosophically, having made up her mind to console herself matrimonially with one Charles Hetherington (Mr. Gordon). For the sake of sport, however, she leads on the inventive melodramatist into an imbroglio of absurd lies, from which he cannot extricate himself. The plot, besides being not over novel, as will be seen, is radically weak in design, there being no solid basis for the action. This sort of mistake is common with farce writers, many of whom imagine that absurdity and extravagance have no laws, whereas they cannot dispense, on the contrary, with certain logical coherence, however improbable some of the data may be. All that could be made of the farce, nevertheless, was made by the excellent acting bestowed on it from all hands.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—A musical director without unlimited sway in his immediate sphere of action, might just as well break his conductor's stick in pieces. If he is to be thwarted on every side; if powers antagonistic to his, and caprices over which he can exercise no control are tolerated; if he is compelled to take his performers, vocal and instrumental, *en bloc*, without reference to their capacity or incapacity, and make the best of the matter, like a barrister with an indifferent brief; if, in short, there are wills opposed to his, and fancies with which he owns no sympathy,—and these are to counteract his policy, perplex and irritate him at every step, then he is no better than the shadow of a director—no more in dignity than a puppet impelled by strings. Such in a great measure was Mr. Benedict last year—supposed chief of the Vocal Association, but no more in truth its director than a figure-head can be said to direct a ship, or a standard lead its bearer to the conflict. The Vocal Association was its own director, and hoisted Mr. Benedict for its colours; and there was Mr. Benedict, flapping about, as Mr. Carlyle might say, like a wind-ensign, restless, fidgety, and impotent. The result was disastrous; and a society which began well, and promised better, took a sudden turn, and was fast hurrying to dissolution, when fortune intervened.

No one believed that the Vocal Association, with its ill-regulated constitution and handcuffed conductor, would ever live to see the year of grace 1859. But lo and behold! it has reared its head again as freshly and daintily as Agag before Samuel; and public opinion, though not long since grievously shocked at its behaviour, instead of heaving it in pieces, as Samuel hewed Agag, answered its appeal with cheers and clapping of palms. Viewed, indeed, by the side of former imperfect displays, the first performance of the Vocal Association for the present year (on Wednesday night) must be pronounced triumphantly successful.

The programme being one of uncommon attractions, that a very large audience should be found assembled in St. James's Hall at the appointed hour was no wonder. The following will show of what varied and excellent materials the selection was made up:—

| PART I. | |
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| Overture—"Leonora" | Beethoven. |
| Recit. and Aria—"O voi dell' Ebreo," (La Resurrezione) | Handel. |
| Recit. & Aria—"Ritorno alle riorte" (Arminio) | Handel. |
| Air—"O beauteous Queen," (Esther) | Handel. |
| Cantata—"THE MAY QUEEN," | W. S. Bennett. |
| PART II. | |
| Festival Overture | Benedict. |
| The Lord's Prayer—(Chorus) | Meyerbeer. |
| Aria—"O cara immagine" | Mozart. |

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| Part Song—"Come when the dawn" | Otto Goldschmidt. |
| Scena—"Ocean, thou mighty Monster" | C. M. v. Weber. |
| Part Song—"In the Forest" | Mendelssohn. |
| March and Chorus—"The Ruins of Athens" | Beethoven. |
| Conductor—M. Benedict. | |

The band, the most numerous and efficient ever engaged at these concerts, played the grand *Leonora* overture with that largeness of effect for which English orchestras are generally famous, and that want of delicacy for which they are almost equally notorious. The three songs of Handel were welcome—more particularly the first, which Mr. Santley gave correctly, but with a certain *nonchalance* frequently objected to in his singing, and of which he must strive to disembarass himself. This gentleman's talent is too promising to be nursed in the cradle of flattery. The fine air from *Arminio* was carefully sung by Miss Palmer, who, if she be on the watch, may some day aspire to the place which Miss Dolby has long held uncontested (save and except by Mrs. Locke, who is heard too rarely) among our native "contraltos." That Mr. Wilbye Cooper is progressing was evident in the air from *Esther*, Handel's first English oratorio, composed at Canons—the residence of the Duke of Chandos, his princely benefactor—where it was also originally produced.

In Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, which loses nothing on closer acquaintance, the improvement hinted at in our preamble at once became evident. The voices of the choir seemed as if renovated by some galvanic process, or re-invigorated by a skillful application of the water-cure. There was much to find fault with in regard to precision, and the too frequent inattention to "light and shade;" but this was fully atoned for by a degree of energy and enthusiasm to which the Vocal Association had by no means accustomed its patrons. The choruses that went best were the first and last; those which left most to desire were "O melancholy plight," and "Ill-fated boy." The solo-singers—Misses Stabbach and Palmer (soprano and contralto), Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Santley (tenor and bass)—all did their best, and that "best" was decidedly favourable to the effect of the *cantata*. The air with chorus, "With the carol in the tree" (solos by Miss Stabbach), a genuine and lovely inspiration, was encored as a matter of course. At the end of the performance there was great enthusiasm, and a shout from all parts of the Hall raised for "Bennett," to which the learned Professor responded by saluting the audience from one of the side boxes.

The feature of the second part was Meyerbeer's setting of the "Pater Noster," which is not only a magnificent piece of choral four-part harmony, but conceived and developed in a strain of true and unaffected devotion from one end to the other. On the whole, this was well given, although the intonation of the singers was occasionally a little at fault. Mr. Benedict's spirited overture was played with great fire and animation by the band; and the new part-song of Herr Otto Goldschmidt (composed expressly for the Vocal Association), redemanded by a minority of the audience, was repeated against the manifest desire of the majority. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang Mozart's incomparable air with much expression; but the grand *scena* from *Oberon* was beyond the capability of Miss Stabbach.

The concert, as a whole, was a decided success; and this must be in a great measure attributed to Mr. Benedict, whom the audience received with a warmth that testified their strong sense of his services.

MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.—Little of interest has happened since our last. At the Opera Comique (St. James's Theatre) there has been no novelty. At the Sixth Monday Popular Concert (St. James's Hall), we have merely to record the first appearance of M. Wieniawski, who was well received and encored in an *air varié* by *Vieuxtemps*; besides playing his *Carnaval de Venise*, of which the public had enough and to spare, at M. Jullien's. The seventh concert, de-

voted entirely to Mendelssohn, will afford the Polish violinist an opportunity of exhibiting his quality as a master of the classical style, through the medium of the B flat quintet, and the quartet in D, Op. 44. The Musical Society of London has announced its second concert, at which, among other things, we are promised M. Gade's *Highland Overture* (new to this country), and a duet for pianoforte and orchestra, by that semi-intellectual and should-be-classical composer, M. Silas, who, with all that was predicted in his favour, has not yet succeeded in making a decided "hit." Better by many degrees than either of the foregoing is the *Wiehe der Töne*—Spohr's finest symphony—which is to occupy the place of honour. If this last be well played it will constitute an event without precedent in England. We may close this paragraph by merely noting the institution of a choral body (how many more?) called the Handel Choral Society, the meetings of which are to be held in the Foundling Hospital. A prospectus, setting forth the views and intentions of its promoters, which has reached us, must be discussed on a future occasion.

The report that Madame Nantier Didiée was engaged by the management of the Opera Impériale turns out correct. Her contract dates from July next. At the same time Madame Didiée is still bound to St. Petersburg for the winter, and to Mr. Gye for the summer season. Negotiations, however, are pending with these antagonistic claimants, the result of which, it is confidently believed, will be in favour of Paris. The London *impresario* may find it difficult to replace the lady, unless M^{me}. Borghi-Mamo can be induced to be her substitute. To proceed with operatic talk—it now appears that Signor Graziani, the barytone, of "Il balen" notoriety, has signed both with Mr. Gye and Mr. E. T. Smith—with Mr. Gye first, and with Mr. Smith subsequently, for reasons best known to those immediately concerned; so that the popular singer may possibly find himself stuck upon the horns of a dilemma when the time for fulfilment arrives. Meanwhile the manager of the Royal Italian Opera has, we are told, secured the services of Signor De Bassini, who may be remembered, some years since, at Her Majesty's Theatre. A new and young "first lady" would be worth the two together. If, as seems probable, there is to be no Haymarket Opera this year, what becomes of M^{lle}. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini? Will Mr. E. T. Smith (with whom, by the way, Mr. Benedict has not yet come to definite terms) find room for them? He has engaged M^{lle}. Tietjens: why not the others?

Good music is evidently making way in the provinces. Among other incidents to be dwelt upon with satisfaction, we hear of one of Beethoven's finest sonatas (in B flat, Op. 22), played *entire*, in the midst of a concert of purely "miscellaneous" character, at Wolverhampton, and with brilliant success. At similar entertainments, in Birmingham, and several other towns, the local papers inform us of the enthusiastic reception accorded to Mozart's chaste and elegant variations on a theme in A major, which have been invariably encored. That the zealous apostle of Beethoven and Mozart was in each instance Miss Arabella Goddard, our musical readers will probably have divined already.

Letters from the capital of Wurtemberg speak of the flattering reception accorded by the Stuttgart people to their ancient concert-director, Herr Molique, who—for the first time since the memorable year of 1848—has been paying his old headquarters a visit. His concert (at which he was assisted by his daughter, M^{lle}. Anna Molique, the pianist) was, says the *Schnellpost*, triumphantly successful.

The long run of Mr. Balfe's *Satanella* is shortly to be arrested for a while by the auspicious reappearance of its companion-masterpiece, *The Rose of Castille*. The American opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, is in active rehearsal at our "national" lyric theatre. On Thursday night, Miss Louisa Pyne, having received a command to sing at the Palace, *Fra Diavolo* was substituted for *Satanella*—Mr. Harrison, *Fra Diavolo*, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, *Zerlina*.

Mr. Macfarren has been for some time engaged on a new work, entitled *Christmas*; the poem by Mr. John Oxenford, the form similar to that of *May Day*. It is pleasant to find that genuine English subjects are becoming popular with our best English composers.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Caroline Adelaide Dance's setting of the Laureate's exquisite stanzas, "Sweet and low—wind of the western sea!" (R. W. Ollivier) is welcome as fully bearing out what was said in praise of "O swallow, swallow! flying south." Words more attractive to a musician capable of sympathising with genuine poetry could scarcely have been chosen; and that it was sympathy, and nothing less, that induced Miss Dance to appropriate them is evident from the tenderness that breathes in every phrase of the melody they have suggested. Not only, however, is the voice-part charming, expressive, and eminently *singable*;—it is also admirably suited to the "sweet and low" tones of a *contralto*; and Miss Dolby or Miss Poole, in search of a new ballad, might seek long for one better suited to their peculiar style of singing.

Erin—Fantasia on Irish Melodies; Caledonia—Fantasia on Scotch Melodies—composed expressly for Miss Arabella Goddard, by Jules Benedict. (Boosey & Sons). Though not enthusiastic advocates of the *fantasia*, we cannot refrain from expressing our entire approval of the manner, at once clever and congenial, in which Mr. Benedict has treated the beautiful melodies that form the groundwork of the pieces above named. For "Erin" he has selected two of the most racy of the Irish national tunes, which will be best recognised under the comparatively modern titles of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," and "The Minstrel boy." For "Caledonia" he has had recourse to "Auld Robin Gray," and one of the liveliest and most piquant of the Scottish reels. In both instances the wisdom of his choice is borne out by the success of his workmanship. The airs are harmonised most admirably; the passages are brilliant and effective (without being unnecessarily difficult); the plan of each *morceau* (we cannot be always saying "piece") is clear and well defined; and in the Irish as in the Scotch essay the *character* of the national tune is imitated throughout with the utmost felicity. In short, "Erin" and "Caledonia," while just as showy and effective, just as ingenious in contrivance, and just as well fitted for the display of eminent "virtuosity" as any of the celebrated "fantasias" of Thalberg and others, are more pleasing and more *entertaining* than the great majority of such effusions—perhaps because more natural, and at the same time artistic. But while composing for Miss Arabella Goddard, it is not surprising that Mr. Benedict should have been happily inspired.

One Hundred Exercises, Studies, and Extracts, from the Works of the great Masters, for the Violin—selected by George Case (Boosey & Sons)—is one of the best, because most practically useful as well as agreeably varied compilations of the kind we have seen, and the more to be commended, inasmuch as the title is an honest reflex of its contents.

EVERYBODY'S POETRY.

AGAIN there is an accumulation upon our table of the works of those felicitous ladies and gentlemen who "write with ease," and who usher daily into the world, "at the request of impartial friends," or "acting upon the advice of an eminent literary man," volumes of mediocre verse, in dainty bindings of gold and purple. When we reflect how many hopes and aspirations, what dreams of fame, what hours of studious toil are knit up with many of these, we confess it seems to us an ungracious task to deal out the liberal censure which they deserve. It is pleasanter to encourage and counsel, and stretch out a helping hand, than to check the half-formed hopes and dissipate the rose-coloured visions. We would rather acknow-

ledge one good poet, one true singer of immortal truths in immortal verse, than crush a score of would-be minstrels. But unhappily severity is sometimes wholesome, and happily candid criticism must always tend to the ultimate advantage even of those who at first feel the most injured and aggrieved. The *cacoëthes scribendi*, moreover, is at present epidemic, and young ladies and gentlemen rush into print with a boldness which is surprising, and an avidity which bodes no good to the reading world.

One may readily estimate the mental calibre of Mr. J. J. Lane, the author of "Dunois, and Other Poems" (Darton & Co.), from the fact that his title-page is adorned with a motto from the great Tupper, though its application to the contents of the volume before us is not very obvious: "Ally thee to truth and godliness, and use the talents in thy charge; so shalt thou walk in peace, deserving, if not having." We presume that Mr. Lane has an inward consciousness he will not "have" the poet's laurel, and consoles himself with the reflection that he will "deserve" it. How far he is justified in laying the flattering unction to his soul, the reader will apprehend from the following specimens of the dreary nonsense of "Dunois, or the Magic Scarf":

Matilda fair watched from the highest tower,
Nor left her post save from the tempest's blow;
Then, at the highest loophole she would stand,
Watching for coming of a distant band;
And while she stood heavenward went her eyes,
While earnest lips sent something to the skies.

The following description of a battle-field is unique, and we have no fear that we shall readily find a pendant to it:

Fiercer and fiercer rose the dreadful noise,
While in the thickest rushed the brave Dunois,
Engaged a host though solitary left;
Nor backed though pressed, but still at foes he cleft;
He heeded not though felt he many a blow,
Till armour hacked, he struck, fell down below.
Then to and fro the closing contest veered,
As Victory fickle wavered ere she cheered;
Fainter and fainter sank the awful rout,
Till distance drowned the mad pursuers' shout.

We cannot continue the quotation. If we have excited the curiosity of our readers, and they are anxious to learn to what depths of bathos "J. J. Lane" can easily descend, they may turn to the volume itself—"the production of one ardently engaged in the nurture of the young, and the diligence of his very spare hours." Mr. Lane has made up his mind to despise the critics, we learn, for if we will not excuse his failings because he is "engaged in the nurture of the young" (the *very* young, we hope), his "defence and solace will be in the comforting assurances of those friends at whose kind instigation he lays himself open to correction, and in the obtained knowledge of his *useful* inability!"

The Dream of my Youth is "a poem" by Thomas Russell (Murray & Son, Glasgow), which displays a tolerable acquaintance with the laws of versification, and some command over that difficult but magnificent metrical variety, the Spenserian stanza. Mr. Russell has fallen into the common error of young men who dabble in rhyme, and taken for his ideal of the poet a solitary, careworn, sorrowful singer—"a lonely bird on a leafless tree"—ignoring the fact that the poet lives in a world of happier dreams where "beauty is truth—truth beauty," and that our greatest minstrels have led the serenest and peaceablest lives. We had hoped that "the Corsair" ideal of a poet had given way to a wholesomer and healthier conception. Mr. Russell, we trust, will live to forget—or be ashamed of—the *Dream of his Youth*.

A very silly and offensive book, a poem in two cantos, bears the would-be funny title of *The Mysterious Birth, Travels, and Adventures, Sayings and Doings in Parliament and out of it, of Flaccus-cum-Whimsicalus* (Hall, Virtue, & Co.). We confess we have not read through one half of this small but absurdly pretentious "satire," but as far as we can understand it, the author's object appears to be—to demolish her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Disraeli. "Hi-Bealdare Ben-Ali," however, should remember that "a fool's bolt is soon shot," and the great

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Caucasian's reputation will not be seriously damaged by this silly witting's flouting. His poem is rhyme without reason, and laborious nonsense instead of humour.

After a severe struggle between our conscientiousness as a critic and our sense of the courtesy due to "the other sex," we are compelled to pronounce an unfavourable sentence upon *Linda*; or, *Beauty and Genius*, a Metrical Romance, by Jane C. Simpson (Murray & Son, Glasgow). The lady also rejoices in the *nom de plume* of "Gertrude," and is therefore, we presume, an oracle in certain circles. But while admitting her facility of versification, we cannot find that she has any claim to be heard by the world. She says nothing new. She never strikes out a novel image. Her verse glitters with adjectives—the "old, old story" of cloudless skies, tangled brakes, lingering rays, silver showers—the time-honoured upholstery of mediocre minstrels.

Songs of the Wye, by Wioni (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), appear to have been named on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, as very few of them have even the remotest relation to that "abounding river." It would have been no loss to the world if these songs had never been sung. They are the merest prattles and prabbles, full of affectation, and reminiscences of other poets. Sir Hugh Evans's verdict would be a just one upon the "Songs of the Wye"—"Worts, worts, mere worts!" Here is a "Fairy Lay," which will do no credit to the poetical taste of the fairies, if recognised by them:

We wake to music's trumpet's lay!
We wake in diamond halls of day!
With flashing tide, and bursting ray,
We with Aurora haste away,
To bid no shape of darkness stay,
While, glorious, all the sunbeams play!

We skip beneath the laughing sky!
Watch out the last faint starry eye;
Then Britain's shining isle descrie!
Oh, then, with swiftest wings we fly
To fairest scenes, where windeth Wye,
By ruins, rocks, and woodlands high!

And where its sweetest music pours,
We o'er it pass delightful hours;
We splash it up in glittering showers,
And sprinkle, too, young lovers' bowers!
And on the banks the joy is ours
To trip the dew from opening flowers.

"Wioni" may possibly rise to the high dignity of poet to the music-shops, but not *excelsior*.

There is much that is graceful and simple in Thomas MacKellar's *Lines for the Gentle and Loving* (Trübner & Co.), with much, very much, that is weak and absurd. Mr. MacKellar has not learned "the art to blot," or his volume would have been smaller, and, consequently, more equal in character. Here is an offensive stanza:

All day long the clouds have drizzled,
Drizzled on the earth below,
Till the trees are ice-befrizzled,
And like gems the branches glow.

We have a better opinion of Mr. MacKellar's "heart" than his "head."

We scarcely know how to strike a balance between the merits and demerits of Mr. Buchanan's volume, *Mary, and other Poems*, by the author of "Lyrics" (Hall, Virtue, and Co.). We have read it with mingled feelings of annoyance and regret. Here is a writer capable of achieving much, who wilfully falls short of the high standard he might attain, in order to indulge a vagrant fancy for extravagant images, far-fetched conceits, and burlesque monstrosities of expression. At times his poetical flights are of the purest and most exquisite order; but he immediately checks the reader's pleasure by out-herding the worst extravagances of the Spasmodic school. The edifice he has raised is like the creation of an eastern artist: the magnificent, the fanciful, and the grotesque are thrown together in curious juxtaposition. His poems remind one of Beethoven's latest inspirations, where the highest beauty is strangely contrasted by the wildest disorder. They are spoilt by a multiplicity of ornament; crushed, like Tarpeia, beneath their weight of gems and gold. There is so much of high promise in Mr. Buchanan's poetry, however, that we feel confident his maturer taste and riper judgment

will discard the metaphorical absurdities in which he now indulges, and that he will achieve something which the world will not willingly let die. As a specimen both of his faults and his excellences we quote the following:

GONE BEFORE.

I.
Many and many a joy, Mary, has come and gone with the years,
Since first in each other's eyes we saw the light of the sky—
I only know I am old by counting the smiles and the tears,
That fed the love-blossoms a-bloom in the days gone by!—Mary!

II.
Still, without a thought or a prayer, Mary, that is not memory-born,
I stand on the dreariest side of threescore summers and odd;
And our souls converse in the sighs our bosoms have cherished and worn,
And I grope in the wonderful glooms of thy soul for God!—Mary!

III.
Hope and delight still kneel, Mary, tho' the darkness has fallen at last,
In the dead of the breathless night round the singing corn,
And I would not barter to-day for all my passionate past,
To-day, with its atonement faith, for the hour when my love was born!—Mary!

IV.
Golden-lip'd glances of love, Mary, write song on my heart no more,
Sing I no longer mad ballads of roses and yellow hair—
The easy sighs of my youth are gone with the days that are o'er,
And, nursed in her lap, I toy with the silver ringlets of Care!—Mary!

V.
All this is fully as well, Mary, as I could wish it to be,
Contented I smile, by the dark of mine own dead delights possess—
But could the best blood at my heart give thee back for a moment to me,
I would lay me down and die like a bird or a flower on thy breast!—Mary!

Poems by the Author of "Uriel" (John Chapman) display many of the faults of Mr. Buchanan's compositions, while their merits are not of so high an order. It is a common error, now-a-days, that magniloquence of expression will compensate for poverty of thought, just as if a pauper could disguise his nakedness by adorning himself with sham jewels. The author of "Uriel" has poetic fancy, a certain fullness of language, and considerable command of the music of verse; but he misuses his gifts, overloads his lines with compound words, and surrounds the simple idea with a thousand extravagant similitudes. When he muses by the sea-side, all he sees around him is—

But multiplex vibration,
Play of impulse, play of forces woven dark in heaven and here!

He speaks of "the tale" of the "Saviour's Ascension" as "a tale of sequent time," and of the Saviour himself in this curiously bombastic strain:—

Thou may'st think a thought in honour of the glorious Titan Bound
On the Calvary of Imaus with gazing gods around,
Of the bearer of the life-light, the champion of our race,
And of him, the far-borne Saver, whose coming brought release,
Him, the victim-victor hero of the zodiac-splendent toils,
Him who smote and spoil'd the lion and dissolv'd the dragon's coils,
Him, the God-like man, most mighty, who his anguish quench'd in fire,
From the mountain-altar rising to the seat of Jove his sire.

We object, too, to the author of "Uriel's" elaborate display of erudition. Surely Oreads are common enough in English verse not to need the confirmation of a quotation from Plutarch, and the expression "shades of Alban valley" does not require to be authenticated by three references to Ovid and Virgil. To the learned reader, these notes are an insult; to the unlearned reader, they are a nuisance. *Au reste*, the author of "Uriel" will do well to think more and read less.

A book of healthy, vigorous, manly verse, with a pleasant ring of woodland music and a refreshing geniality of humour, is offered to all lovers of sport and song by Mr. Egerton Warburton in his

Hunting Songs and Miscellaneous Verses (Longman & Co.). Some elegant translations, and a few sonnets of more than ordinary excellence attest Mr. Warburton's mastery of the mechanism of metre, while his hunting songs ought at once and for ever to supersede the "Tally-ho" vulgarities to which musical sportsmen have hitherto been confined. We shall be glad to meet with Mr. Warburton again.

NEW NOVELS.

The Romance and its Hero. By the author of "Magdalen Stafford." In Two Volumes. (Bell & Daldy.)

"A ROMANCE, indeed!" cried Mabel Annesley, as with an impatient jerk she turned a page in the eagerly devoured volume that lay on her knee—"a romance, indeed! and not a hero in it. I could write as good myself." Thus runs the first paragraph of "The Romance and its Hero," and thus we are very much disposed to think will run the general criticism on the book itself. Most average young ladies could produce quite as good a novel as the one before us; especially if they had gone through the usual course of training in "Jane Eyre" and her numerous followers.

The story, which is sufficiently difficult to understand, everybody being everybody else's relative, and the exact degrees of relationship not being very strongly marked, turns upon the fact of two young men making romantic wills, and each bequeathing his fortune to the other. This arrangement has the effect, in the course of time, of turning Eugene Lindsay, the proper heir to Annesley Chase, out of his inheritance, and installing Herbert Annesley in his place. Herbert does not appear at first to appreciate the delights of his position, as he lives in London, collecting Sévres china and books, leaving the Chase to his cousin Mabel and her Uncle David. Mabel is the young person we know so very well in a certain class of novel. She is not, strange to say, pretty, it being the fashion now-a-days for heroines to be rather plain, not to say dowdy; she has grave eyes, which, however, light up into an extraordinary state of animation on the slightest provocation, and she is of course intensely romantic. Her companions are certain servants and shadowy old women of the village, the pictures in the long gallery, especially one of the Duke of Monmouth, and the aforesaid Uncle David, who (we think we have met him before) is a musical fanatic, with a grand diamond ring, a singularly absent manner, and an opera in progress which is to astonish the world some day or another. Mabel is of course a great partisan of Eugene Lindsay, whom, however, she has never seen; and, as she lives in her cousin Herbert's house, and is dependent upon him, she naturally looks upon him with the greatest contempt, although he too is a perfect stranger to her personally. These gentlemen make their appearance on the scene in the orthodox fashion; and let us first introduce the long-suffering Eugene. Mabel has gone to the wishing-well in the park; and "was raising her hand to her lips, when an exclamation from Janet arrested her; and lifting her eyes she saw standing before her a stranger, who asked the way to Annesley Chase. He was no way-worn traveller or venerable pilgrim; not even one of those few relics of former friendships, who sometimes found Uncle David out in his retreat. Who was he? Mabel pondered as she cast a hasty glance over the intruder. He might have been eight or nine and twenty—he might have been still younger. Whatever his age, time had traced no line on the serene open brow, nor cast a shadow on those beaming gracious eyes—eyes that, as she met them, Mabel felt she had seen before. She rose up, her cheek mantling beneath their gaze, and in reply to his repeated question indicated to him his route, and he, thanking her, had turned away, when he suddenly stopped and asked if any story were attached to that well.

"It is a wishing-well; you have your wishes granted here." "I understand," he answered, "and you were inviting the nymph when I came

upon you? She could hardly be otherwise than propitious. Do you think she would be as favourable to me if I tried?" Then lifting some water to his lips, he added, "My wish is a modest one. It is that all may have their rights."

After this speech he retires, and as Mabel immediately discovers that those gracious eyes are exactly like the Duke of Monmouth's, and as the young man in the course of time turns out to be Eugene Lindsay, you are led to look forward to him as of course the hero of the romance; instead of which he is a very ordinary young man indeed, who makes love to three ladies all at once, and behaves in a sufficiently absurd manner altogether.

Now for Herbert. "He was pale and slightly made, with his head somewhat bent, and the soft dark hair growing thin upon his temples. A cold bright eye and a discontented mouth were the most striking features of a countenance that, though one of extreme refinement, had no claim whatever to be called handsome. A voice as cold as the eye, and as refined as the rest of the demeanor, made itself heard." Of course he has arrived unexpectedly, finds Mabel lighting a fire, instantly falls desperately in love with her, and then, with the dreadful calmness of a true hero, proceeds to be exceedingly rude to her on every possible occasion. He is always observed, when she has made a brilliant remark, coldly sneering in the distance. He is continually spoiling all her little effects and "shutting her up" by a malicious curl of the finely cut lip. The things he does with newspapers are not to be told. Whenever an interesting discussion begins, Herbert retires behind this bulwark, and we are then informed that the newspaper was taken with suppressed laughter, or his cold bright eye is to be seen peering round or over it only to disappear when discovered.

Altogether, we were not in the least surprised to find Mabel rejecting him, and then to find him taking the blow with most exemplary calmness, and devoting himself to the discovery of a rumoured elder brother, the offspring of his father's first marriage,—an individual who, on being at last brought to light, is conveniently killed off immediately, and the Chase again restored to Herbert. Mabel, of course, comes to her senses, and marries him in the last chapter.

It will be seen here that the story is sufficiently feeble, and that the characters are by no means new; but at the same time there are a good many promising signs in the book. The descriptive writing is very fair, and occasionally rises into the very good, and, but for a great want of action and lively interest, we could pronounce "The Romance and its Hero" a very respectable novel. The old tawdry philosophical commonplaces are used with a very sparing hand; and if he only didn't sneer and scout so much, Herbert Annesley would be a success. As it is, he reminds us too much of our old friend Rochester in "Jane Eyre;" and indeed we think that Miss Brontë's book has served to a great extent as the model of our authoress (as we suppose the book to be written by a lady) in this story.

To novel readers who like to read placidly on, without much to agitate their nerves or to excite their sensibilities, we can recommend the "Romance and its Hero" as the very thing to suit them. To the writer we would advise, on her next effort, very much more care in the construction of her plot, less discursive dialogue, and the utter elimination from her stock in trade for the future of such characters as Mrs. Lindsay and Milly, who are exceedingly mild and watery shadows of a naturally mild and vapid school. That she can describe a very good melodramatic situation without exaggeration or morbid diffuseness, witness the last chapter but one in this story; the chapter called "The Halfway House." Mabel is in this house waiting to go on by the coach at night; the coach passes full, and she has to sleep there much against her will, being oppressed by some strange feeling of fear. The girl who shows her to her room, tells her that in the next room, separated from her only by a thin partition, is the body of a stranger who had been thrown from his carriage and killed that day; and Mabel, after a night of

intense agony, finds on the chimney-piece a curious ring that had belonged to him. It is Herbert Annesley's, and she of course concludes that this must be the unfortunate stranger. With the early morning she boldly goes into the room to see if her suspicions are correct, but is overpowered with terror and sinks to the ground in a swoon. She awakes to find herself in Herbert Annesley's arms, and to hear that the dead man was his brother who had so unexpectedly appeared.

It is quite the best part of the book, and goes far to redeem the weariness caused by Mrs. Lindsay and her circle.

The Curate of Cumberworth; and the Vicar of Roost. Tales, by the Author of "The Owllet of Owlstone," "Edye," "S. Antholin's," &c. (Masters.)

ANOTHER brace of stories from the pen of the Rev. F. E. Paget, whose writings are among the most meritorious and popular of their class, will no doubt be welcomed by the public. We mean meritorious of course in a literary point of view; for however the reader may differ—and many of ours probably will differ—from the writer in his advocacy of High Church principles, and his estimate of King William III., no one can fail to be struck with his superior skill as a writer of fiction. It is easy to see that Mr. Paget's books are specially addressed to particular classes of the community. People who have positions to maintain, and social encroachments to resist; inmates of old country houses, members of Tory families, relatives of orthodox Church dignitaries, or would-be dignitaries—these are the folks whose sympathies are here mainly appealed to. Mr. Paget however is not exclusive, and can see more than one side of a character. So his opinionated and meddlesome curate, Mr. Smith, has his eyes opened, relents, and perceives the error of his ways; the vulgar knight, Sir Tewkesbury, is good-natured and hospitable; the long-suffering Mr. Dove, "turns" at last, when trodden on with more than usual professional severity, and the grasping, sensuous rector, Mr. Soaper, has his good points. This latter worthy is indeed far more amusing than contemptible; and his letters to Mr. Dove are turned with a skill which would do honour to the ablest of our humorists. These are the concessions to truth and nature which a bold writer can afford to make, and they reconcile us to situations which are often exaggerated, if not caricatured. In both stories we find examples of virtue and conscientiousness in high quarters; the rector of Cumberworth is wise as well as good; the Bishop of Chadsminster and the Marquis of Kingsbury are diligent and sincere in their benevolent aims, and the high ladies are gracious without show of condescension. This view is certainly not the popular one; but they who question its truth (we certainly do not) may be reconciled by considering the benefit of its exhibition. After all, perhaps, the best quality about Mr. Paget's stories is the vein of English good sense which runs through them, and keeps the author steady amidst strong ecclesiastical predilections, and boisterous high spirits. We well remember the good services to true taste in architecture, which were accomplished by "S. Antholin's;" and we trust equal success will follow the onslaught here made upon some of our social uncharitableness and absurdities. Lastly, which is no small point, the writing is that of a man of thorough education and a gentleman, and for the sake of all these good qualities the reader, whoever he be, may well put up with sneers at the "pious, glorious, and immortal sovereign," King William III., whose heraldic achievements in Roost church predominated "like himself" over the creed and the commandments. A keen eye may also detect badges of party warfare in printing. Thus "St." the English, is superseded by "S.," the Latin abbreviation for "Saint;" pronouns, and even relatives (why not adjectives also?) in certain situations appear in the full uniform of capitals.

All this is very alarming no doubt to certain readers, but we may well wish that every party

man who feels so strongly as Mr. Paget, should write in so honest and sensible, and even so forbearing, a strain, as he has here done.

Maiden Sisters. A Tale. By the Author of "Dorothy." (J. W. Parker & Son.)

THE title of this tale is rather alarming. It conjures up a tremendous idea of single blessedness in petticoats, with due accompaniments of darning-needles and tabby cats. Yet here is a very pretty love-story for all who care to follow its course. Anne, Kate, Clara, and Ellen Kerr are the spinsters hinted at in the name given by the authoress to her work; of which fair sisterhood the eldest is only thirty, while the youngest blushes in the rosy light of eighteen. They live by themselves in a red-brick mansion in Sussex. Anne, it must be confessed, is somewhat old-maidish, and has taken to caps when the narrative commences. She is also rather harsh with her pretty sister Ellen; who, nevertheless (as all pretty sisters are bound to do in novels), gets introduced into society, and makes a conquest. But Colonel Oliphant, the gentleman so honoured, is induced by divers circumstances, not necessary to be here reported, to suspect poor Ellen of fickleness, though without any real cause; and, deserting her, causes her to die of a broken heart. The story of these "Maiden Sisters," therefore, is a tragedy, and not a species of farce, as might at first sight be supposed.

The conduct of the tale is a little monotonous, owing to an excess of small talk, and to the frequent descriptions of breakfasts, dinners, ridings-out, evening parties, and other domestic arrangements of country life. Yet there is some excellent character-painting, clear, sharp, definite, and healthy. The four sisters are admirably discriminated; and Mrs. Kerr, the strange sister-in-law from the Cape, is a true woman. Very amusing, also, is Phil, the queer, wild, mischievous, yet not altogether bad-hearted son of the last-named lady; though we doubt if the character be quite natural, considering the age which is assigned to him—thirteen years. However, the author of "Dorothy" has written an amusing tale of domestic life; and the story will certainly be enjoyed by young lady readers, if not by the gentlemen as well.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Coronet and the Cross; or, Memoirs of the Countess of Huntingdon. By the Rev. A. H. New. (Partridge & Co.) This is the "sixth thousand" of a popular and well compiled life of the distinguished lady, who, whatever may be said to her detractors from envy or from wrong motives, made a name whose "praise is in all the churches." She was emphatically a good woman and a faithful Christian. Mr. New has executed his work with fidelity and affection. His only fault is a tone of praise and admiration which should have been calmed and sobered, and which we are sure Lady Huntingdon herself would have been the first to discourage, if not to rebuke.

The People in the Cathedral. By Josiah Pittman. (Bell & Daldy.) This is the able and well-known organist of Lincoln's Inn, whom we have formerly mentioned as speaking up for the People in Church. We wish that every ignorant theoriser about the "Romish" tendencies of good music, could be induced to spend a rational half-hour in the study of his clear statement. The tract takes the form of a letter to Dean Milman on the Sunday evening services at St. Paul's, which great gatherings Mr. Pittman would adopt as the vehicle of a legitimate—not a party—revival of

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omit. The "Anthem" he regards ingeniously as the musical sermon, the enforcing of a text by music, just as the preacher enforces it by argument, illustration, and the usual modes of oratory. We fear that party and prejudice are far too strong for Mr. Pittman's wishes to be fulfilled; but that he has sound reason and common sense on his side can hardly be disputed.

The Peerage, Baronage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland for 1859. By R. P. Dod, Esq. (Whittaker & Co.) This edition of a popular work of reference we find, upon examination, to be almost new from beginning to end; and the indefatigable compiler has, of course, found the additional labour he has undergone neither light nor divested of responsibility. Mr. Dod assigns five causes for re-casting the work. The first is, that the services of the British forces against the Sepoy mutineers has been necessarily marked by so large an addition to the Order of the Bath, so many creations of other titles, and such extensive promotions in the army and navy, that a thorough revision from the first article to the last has been necessary. The second is, that the casualties and deaths by disease in the course of the same conflicts, together with the consequent accession to titles, have led to an amount of minute changes throughout the whole volume which can scarcely be estimated or described. The third is, that the accession of a new ministry in March last, has caused the creation of many new titles, and an important series of official exchanges, which have altered some hundreds of accounts. The fourth is the unceasing influence of births, deaths, and marriages, occurring among seven or eight thousand individuals. And the fifth respects additions made by lapse of time and new creations. We could readily have credited the value of Mr. Dod's labours without this detail, from the character of the work itself; but we enter into it to show our readers that the present volume really supersedes and renders practically useless those which have preceded it.

Veterinary Medicines; their Actions and Uses. By Finlay Dun, V.S. Second Edition. (Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.) Within the last few months we have had occasion more than once to notice works upon subjects analogous to the present; but for scientific discrimination and practical utility we have not met with an abler production than this by Mr. Dun. Indeed, having reached a second edition, it may fairly be presumed to have established a character for itself among the profession. Admirably calculated for a text-book for students, it seems to us, from the philosophy with which it is inspired, quite as admirably adapted to raise the standard of acquirement among the profession itself. Practitioners will certainly find it useful as a book of reference; and it is so practical in its nature, that agriculturists may accept it as a satisfactory guide in the treatment of simple and incipient cases of disease. An appendix has been added to the present edition, containing brief notices of the causes, nature, symptoms, and treatment of the more common diseases of the domesticated animals.

The Speeches and Public Letters of the Hon. Joseph Howe. Edited by W. Annand. 2 vols. (Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.; London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.) Mr. Howe is a colonial statesman and publicist of eminence and character. He has done much, certainly as much as any single individual, to promote responsible government in British America, and to develop the material resources of our vast dominions there by means of steam communication, electric telegraphs, railways, and all the other appliances for the creation of wealth and comfort. Generations to come will regard him as one of the leading minds of Nova Scotia; and in this country, where he is also well known, he will ever be respected as one of the men who contributed, by the principles with which they ultimately inoculated the Colonial Office, to strengthen the bonds which unite the British American provinces to Old England.

Elementary Manual of Roman Antiquities. By Professor Ramsay. (Griffin.) The larger

"Manual" of Professor Ramsay, which is intended for Latin classes in their fourth or fifth year, and which has reached a fourth edition, has been abridged, under the immediate superintendence of the author, so as to suit the requirements of the second or third year. A new and useful chapter has been added on "Roman Agriculture." The reading of some outline of Roman History is wisely recommended, as a supplementary measure to the study of this "Manual." We strongly recommend the book as a full and accurate performance, and as being admirably suited to the wants of young boys.

Manual of Latin Prosody. By Professor Ramsay. Second Edition. (Griffin.) This work, as far as merely scholastic purposes are concerned, can hardly be regarded (at least in England) as other than a curiosity. It may suggest a vast deal of useful information to the teacher, and so, indirectly, benefit the student, for whose direct wants, however, it is hardly the sort of book we should recommend. The boy who, in mastering his prosody, turns a deaf ear to the "Eton Grammar," Zumpt, Rapiet, Arnold, *et hoc genus omne*, will not be made to listen to Professor Ramsay's ingenious explanations. Tutors of clever and promising boys will, nevertheless, do well to procure the book; the value of which is greatly increased by a re-written chapter on the "Latin Alphabet," and a new one on the "Saturnian Metres."

We have received a *Handy Book on the Law of Private Trading and Partnership*, by J. W. Smith, LL.D. of the Inner Temple, published by Effingham Wilson. It is a perfect compendium. Also Captain Watkins' *Principles and Rudiments of Botany* (Partridge & Co.); Mr. Lund's *Elements of Geometry and Mensuration*, Part 3 (Longmans), a most excellent little work; and Mr. Hughes's *Companion to the Map of Europe, with Examination Questions*, published by G. Philip & Son, the use of which cannot fail to be advantageous in encouraging something better than the ordinary school-room study of geography.

Among the serial publications sent to us is the January number of the *Irish Quarterly Review*, a most zealous and often an unscrupulous advocate of ultramontane principles. It is remarkable, however, for giving a tolerably complete, if not always an impartial, Quarterly Record of the Progress of Reformatory Schools and of Prison Discipline. But the most important article in the number is a review of M. de Montalembert's "Debate on India," and the "Political Future of England." The *animus* of the reviewer is one of hostility to England, so bitter as to destroy the object at which he is aiming—namely to depreciate the effect produced here by the "Debate on India." Two passages alone need be quoted:

"The English people are so much accustomed to bespatter themselves with their own praises, to land themselves and their institutions, and proclaim them to the rest of the world, as the freest on the face of the globe, that any responsive echo coming from abroad is hailed as a right due to their own excellence, no matter what may be the source or motive, from which it emanates. Their gullibility (*cic*) is of the most facile, their devotion to flattery of the most servile description; they swallow with a peculiar avidity everything which tends to feed their most consummate selfishness and egotism."

Another compliment to our national character is thus expressed:

"The selfishness of England's external policy, which sets nearly every state in Europe against her, will one day raise them all to crush her in her hour of need. Unfortunately she has sought every means, right and wrong, to extend her trade and commerce, and amass wealth even at the expense of those who, though weak, had been once her firm allies and friends."

The *Irish Quarterly Review* is clearly a good hater, and, as a matter of course, England's downfall is predicted "sooner or later," that very convenient phrase being always used by prophets of evil whose chronology is necessarily unfixed. Another serial emanating from Ireland is the *Natural History Review and Quarterly Journal of Science*, which is worthy of all commendation for the conscientious care with which it is conducted. Messrs. Newcomb of Stamford have sent us their *Midland Counties Almanac for 1859*, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing one of the most useful that has been

produced in the provinces. We have also received the February number of the *Church of England Monthly Review*, the *Pulpit Observer*, and the *Congregational Pulpit*, both published by Judd & Glass; the second part of Messrs. Longmans' People's Edition of the *Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith*; and the February edition of Kelly's *Railway Guide*.

Dr. Herbert Barker has reprinted from the Transactions of the Epidemiological Society, his *Illustrations of the Origin and Propagation of Certain Epidemic Diseases* (T. Richards); and the conductors of the *Continental Review* have issued an admirably condensed and impartial summary, translated from the Portuguese official volume, of the *Documents relating to the Capture and Surrender of the Charles & Georges*. Several other pamphlets are upon our table, for notice in our next.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Austin (J.), Pleas for the Constitution, 8vo. 1s.
- Barrow (J.), Theological Works by Rev. A. Napier, 9 vols. 8vo. 42s.
- Barrow (J.), Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy, 8vo. 12s.
- Bartlett (W. H.), Footsteps of Our Lord and His Apostles, 4th ed. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Baynes (F.), Essays Critical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Beale (D.), Student's Text-Book of English and General History, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 2s.
- Beaumont (R.), On the Functions of the Skin, 8vo. 1s.
- Bible Stories for Young Children, 10s. 6d., Old and New Testament, 12mo. 2s. each.
- Blot (M.), Parochial School System of Scotland, 8vo. 1s.
- Boully (J. N.), Contes à ma Fille, new ed. 12mo. 3s.
- Brown (J.), Exposition of the Parable of the Sower, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Brown's Robertson's Selection of Sacred Music, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Bryan's Plagiarism Progress, By Hare, new ed. post 8vo. 3s.
- Burn (H. S.), Illustrations of Carpentry and Framing, 4to. 3s.
- Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts, Euripides. By Fairclough, Vol. II, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Carey, Marshall, and Ward, Life and Times of, 2 vols. 8vo. 35s.
- Chevalier (M.), On the promise Fall in the Value of Gold, 8vo. 5s.
- Chicaseed without Chickweed, 34th ed. 12mo. 1s.
- Chronicle (The) of Convocation, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Clark (C. C.), Carmina Minima, 8vo. 1s.
- Clough (F. L.), Questions on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, Vol. 2, 2nd ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
- Comaratus (The), or John Bright's Support of the Government Justified, 8vo. 1s.
- Copley (E.), College Comforts, 23rd ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- Corwallis (Marquis), Correspondence of, 2nd ed. 3 vols. 8vo. 63s.
- De la Motte (F.), Book of Ornamental Alphabets, 2nd ed. 8vo. 4s.
- De Porquet (L.), First Italian Reading, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- De Porquet (L.), French Spelling, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
- De Porquet (L.), Key to Farnham Grammar, new ed. 12mo. 1s.
- Dewar (D.), Communion Services of the Church of Scotland, post 8vo. 6d.
- Documents relating to the Charles & Georges, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- Ellicott (C. J.), Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, 2nd ed. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
- Evans (J.), Costs in Actions not above 20l. in Contract, &c., 12mo. 4s.
- Favourite Story Book for Little Folk, new ed. 2 vols. square 12mo. 2s. each.
- Gardner (D.), Ionian Islands in relation to Greece, 8vo. 1s.
- Garnett (R.), Poetical Essay, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Gems of the Isles, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s.
- Grey (H.), Three Paths, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
- Guise (E.), Homeopathic Domestic Medicine, 2nd ed. 12mo. 5s.
- Hardwick's Sailing Baronage for 1859, 32mo. 1s.
- Hewson (W.), Obituary and Temple of Babel's Prophetic Vision, 8vo. 4s.
- How to make a Home and Feed a Family, new ed. 12mo. 2s.
- Jane Eyre, by Currer Bell, new ed. post 8vo. 6s.
- Keasdale for the Nursery, 18mo. 1s.
- Kempis (F.), Imitation of Christ, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
- King (J. W.), Ernest, the Pilgrim, post 8vo. 5s.
- Literary Gazette, new series, Vol. 1, 4to. 10s.
- Library of St. Basil, edited by Rev. J. M. Venie, 12mo. 1s.
- Longfellow (H. W.), Song of Hiawatha, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Loudon (J. M.), On the Policy of the Crown to India, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- Mall (J. S.), Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- Morse (J.), Outlines of Veterinary Homoeopathy, 2nd ed. 12mo. 5s.
- Murray (J.), Sermon preached at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, 8vo. 1s.
- Nugent's French Dictionary, new ed. 16mo. 7s. 6d.
- Notion of the Cause. Aristophanes' Comedies, new ed. 2 vols. 18mo. 16s.
- Pictorial Spelling Book, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
- Poems, by the Author of Uriel, 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s.
- Present state of the Church in the question, 8vo. 1s.
- Principle and Practice of Harmonious Colouring, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Ramus (L.), History of the Papes, new ed. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Reform, Look Well before You Leap, 8vo. 1s.
- Ricordi (M.), Lectures on Chance, with Notes and Cases, 8vo. 8s.
- Simpson (J. C.), Lunda, or Beauty and Genius, 22mo. 2s. 6d.
- Smith (B.), Arithmetic and Algebra, 5th ed. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Spray, post 8vo. 3s.
- Standard's New Map of Parliamentary Divisions and Boroughs, 8s.
- Taylor (A. S.), Poisons in relation to Medical Jurisprudence, 2nd ed. 12mo. 12s. 6d.
- Taylor (J.), Logic in Theory, and other Essays, 12s. 6d.
- Thomson (W.), Explanation with Examples for the Azimuth and Time, 10s. 6d.
- True stories for Young Children, 4th ed., square 16mo. 2 vols. 2s. each.
- Turrell (H. S.), Oral Exercises in French Prose, 5th ed. 12mo. 4s.
- Valentine (Mrs.), Beatrice, or, Six Years of Childhood and Youth, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
- Wentworth (C.), Selection of Hymns from the "Lyra Germanica," 18mo. 1s.
- White (J.), History of France to 1848, post 8vo. 9s.
- Wormon (R.), Epochs of Painting Characterised, new ed. 12mo. 6s.
- Wyron (J. W.), Poems, 12mo. 3s.

THE SHEFFIELD PEOPLES' COLLEGE. — Mr. Blanchard Jerrold will read the narrative of his "Life of Douglas Jerrold" at Sheffield, on the 25th instant, in aid of the Peoples' College of that city.

Hart's Patent Economising Gas-Burner is an invention of value, and which we recommend the gas-burning public to examine.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Tuesday, February 8.

Sir H. WILLOUGHBY wished to ask whether a gallery for pictures was being built, and in what locality? Also, what would be the expense of such building, and out of what moneys voted by Parliament the cost would be defrayed?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—The question of the hon. baronet refers to a matter of greater importance than might be at first supposed. It really refers to the question of a National Gallery. The House will recollect that last session, wearied by the continued unsettlement of the question, and having no confidence that any further inquiry by select committees or Royal commissions would produce a very satisfactory result, there seemed to be a general feeling that the Government should attempt to cut the Gordian knot and bring the question to a settlement. I undertook on the part of the Government, in deference to the feeling of the House, to obtain that result, and I have the pleasure of informing the House that I have succeeded in accomplishing that which appeared to be the general wish of the country. The whole of the building in Trafalgar Square will speedily be entirely devoted to the National Gallery. I was so anxious on the part of the Government to bring this long-vexed question to a satisfactory settlement, that I was prepared to offer to the Royal Academy terms which were conceived in a liberal spirit. We were prepared to recommend her Majesty to grant them a site, and I may say we are prepared even now to recommend this House to vote a sum of money to raise that building. But the Royal Academy, animated by a spirit which the House will appreciate, and which is worthy of that distinguished body, considered that if the academy were built by public funds, their independence would be compromised; and, being in possession of sufficient property themselves, they announced their determination to raise the building for themselves. Having had a residence furnished, if not granted, by the Crown originally, and enjoyed so long, the Royal Academy did not consider that in accepting the offer of a site their independence would be at all compromised. I hope and trust that the view which they took was the just, proper, and honest one. That being the state of the case, and it being settled that the building in Trafalgar Square shall be devoted to its original purpose, and its original purpose alone—namely, the reception of the pictures for the National Gallery—announcement was made about that time by the proper authorities, on the part of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, that he expected his residence, Marlborough House, would be ready for his reception with all convenient despatch. His Royal Highness required that it should be ready for him next November, and we ascertained that it would take not less than eight months to put that residence in a proper state for the reception of his Royal Highness. The House is aware that for many years, through the gracious kindness of her Majesty, Marlborough House has been at the service of the public. It became necessary, under these circumstances, to perform our part of the agreement with the trustees of the National Gallery—that the Vernon and Turner collections should be placed in a proper receptacle until they can be received in the building in Trafalgar Square, and not only placed in a proper receptacle, but so completely under the authority of the trustees that, wherever they might for the moment be deposited, no question could be raised hereafter as to whom they belonged, to what collection they pertained, and what authorities had the control and custody of them. Our first idea was to prepare the building known as the Carlton Ride for their reception, but when it was examined into it was found that the expense would be very considerable; that it would take not less than 3,000*l.* to place the building in a condition to receive the pictures; and that, after all, it would not be fireproof. It was almost impossible to engage a building suitable for the

purpose, and under those circumstances it was suggested that we might erect a gallery on that part of the land at Kensington Gore which I may say is rented of the Royal Commissioners for the convenience of the Government; that such a gallery would receive the Turner and Vernon collections until the building in Trafalgar Square is ready to receive them, and that they would be connected with the collection granted to the country by Mr. Sheepshanks. It is impossible on such occasions to consult Parliament, and the Treasury had to take the responsibility of ordering the necessary alterations. As far as expense is concerned, the first estimate which was made for this building at Kensington was not so great as the expense which would have been incurred in the temporarily fitting up of Carlton Ride, although it was thought expedient afterwards that the expense should be increased. It was thought expedient for this reason: it is necessary that the curators of the National Gallery, the agents of the trustees, should have complete control over the collection, that they may not pass under any other authority; and therefore it is necessary that apartments shall be prepared for them, and also that accommodation shall be given for the overflow of pictures now accruing to the National Gallery. Although, in consequence of this, there has been some considerable addition made to the original estimate, I believe the whole sum to be expended on this temporary gallery will not amount to the annual rent of the premises which we once contemplated engaging for this purpose. I trust the hon. baronet will feel that every care has been taken with regard to the expenditure. The result will be that, I hope, at the end of two years the Royal Academy will be established in their new building on the new site; that the building in Trafalgar Square will be completely devoted to the national collections, including the Turner and Vernon collections; and that there will then be left to the country, for the expenditure which they are now incurring, a building at Kensington which will be of the greatest use to the Government on many occasions and for many purposes, when as all who have had the management of affairs of this kind know, a want of accommodation springs up in an accidental and casual manner, the non-supply of which is of great injury to the public service. I trust that the explanation which I have now given—which I should otherwise have given upon another occasion, but which I thought due to the House after the inquiry of the hon. bart.—will prove satisfactory.

Mr. KINNAIRD.—Where is the site for the Royal Academy?

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.—Part of the ground round Burlington House. The Royal Academy will be connected with other public buildings. The interior will be left to the disposition of the Academy; the exterior will be subordinate to the design of the Government, if the Government insist upon that condition.

MISCELLANEA.

The Queen has nominated Lord Wodehouse, and Mr. W. Hopkins, M.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and one of the Esquire Bedells, to two of the Fellowships lately vacant in the University of London.

The ex-King of Delhi has been sent to Rangoon, instead of the Cape of Good Hope, the colonists of South Africa having refused to receive him. He arrived at Rangoon on the 9th December, and is to be sent to Tonghoo, a station 300 miles from Rangoon, in the vicinity of the Karen territory, and declared to be the most desolate and forlorn in British Burmah.

The town of Bonn has resolved to have slabs fixed on the former dwellings, and to the memory, of their late celebrated fellow-citizens, Niebuhr and A. W. von Schlegel.

According to the *Troy Times*, Europe is promised a visit from a couple of rival aeronauts, who expect to make the trip from America in about 60 hours.

The Postmaster-General has given notice that in future only those persons who are wholly employed by the Post-Office Department will receive assistance from the department towards insuring their lives.

We are glad to find that the Committee of the Orphan Working School are in a position to ask for plans for the enlargement of their building at Haverstock Hill, to adapt it for 400 children.

I was recently handed two small pieces of glass, in the centre of one of which, by dint of close and painful examination, I discovered a speck about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, which bore somewhat the resemblance of a portrait of a head; in the other was also a speck about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, but which I could not recognise as any particular object. By holding the first piece of glass up to the light, and looking through a powerful magnifier, I discovered a perfect portrait, and in the other a group of five portraits, equally perfect. To what use might not this mode of photographing be put. In war the most elaborate instructions might be carried in a button or the head of a pencil-case, and the General or Secretary of War needs but a magnifying glass to save the use of spies, and men from hanging; the whole archives of a nation might be packed away in a snuff-box.—*Photographic News.*

The *Wolverhampton Chronicle* says:—The Marquis of Stafford is in possession of a new kind of steam-engine for running on the road. It weighs little more than a ton, and is capable of travelling at from fourteen to sixteen miles per hour. It runs upon three wheels, and is guided by a handle in front similar to a velocipede. It is of two-horse power, and is fitted with a seat in front capable of holding four passengers, including the driver. It is rather noisy in its progress, and the steam may probably be unpleasant to the passengers, the funnel being close to their backs. The machine is a novel one, and will no doubt be the means of opening a field for further inventions of the kind.

The Secretary of the United States treasury invites the commercial countries of Europe to meet in a respective body for consultation on a uniform currency, uniform weights and measures, and a uniform system of commercial statistics, being of the opinion that this reform would be favourably received and probably adopted by each of the countries so represented.

The centenary of Burns was celebrated with much enthusiasm in America. At New York the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an eloquent and instructive address on the character of Burns, before a large audience, and a grand banquet took place at the Astor House, presided over by William Cullen Bryant, the poet. At Boston two banquets took place, and were attended by many of the most eminent literary men in America. Celebrations likewise took place at Washington and many other cities.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending February 5th, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 4678; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 5055; on the three students' days (admission to the public, 6*d.*), 554; one students' evening (Wednesday), 321. Total, 10,608. From the opening of the Museum, 772,234.

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23. Time for Rest; and Good Night.
24. Sunrise.
25. Bells Ringing.
26. The Love of Truth; and for Age and Want.
27. In the Cottage.
28. The Cricket Song.
29. Absent Friends; and, When we go out together.
30. Ere around the Haze Oak; and Harvest Home.
31. March and lift up your Voices; and Idleness and Knavery.
32. Lullaby; and the Hour is come of Twilight Grey.
33. The Stormy Winds.
34. Our Native Land.
35. The Labourer's Song.
36. If you Get into Debt.
37. Brisons, Arise, and the Golden Rule.
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